The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIX NO. 16 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

DANGEROUS BUSINESS *By Arthur Train*

IN THIS ISSUE

WALLACE STEGNER
Reviews "Wind without Rain" by Herbert Krause

BEN RAY REDMAN
Reviews "Sirocco" by Ralph Bates

HENRY C. WOLFE
Reviews "Europe in Retreat" by Vera Micheles Dean

PAUL HORGAN
Reviews "A Poet and Two Painters" by Knud Merrild

VIRGINIUS DABNEY
Reviews "The James" by Blair Niles

ALLAN NEVINS
Reviews "The Man Who Killed Lincoln" by Philip Van Doren Stern

PAUL H. BUCK
Reviews "Lincoln Talks" by Emanuel Hertz

Other Reviews by W. C. ABBOTT, PAUL H. DOUGLAS, FLETCHER PRATT, JAMES REID PARKER, PAUL ROSENFELD

HERBERT KRAUSE

"We have waited a long time for a writer who could, without compromising in the least the integrity of his observation, or softening his picture of the world, still transmute that real world into beauty" . . .

(See page 5)

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. FRASER DARLING'S

Wild Country

A HIGHLAND NATURALIST'S NOTES AND PICTURES OF CREATURES OF ISLAND, MOUNTAIN, SEA, AND MOOR

IF Gilbert White had had a modern camera, this is the sort of book *The Natural History of Selborne* might have been. This is a book of photographs of wild life, a picture-notebook of a biologist on holiday.

Dr. Fraser Darling likes to spend his time on an uninhabited island, off the coast of Scotland, equally at home with gulls, seals, and field mice. With him he takes his scientific curiosity, his camera, and his humanity. The combination of these three makes his book irresistible. . .

The photographs in WILD COUNTRY are notably different from the ordinary run of nature pictures; many of them are the only records of their kind. Here are seals, stags, sandpipers, gulls, waves, rocks, and flowers, and the most convincing photograph of fairies ever taken by a scientist. . .

The photographs are illustrated by a running commentary which is pleasant and engaging. The book is beautifully printed at the Cambridge University Press; it is bound in a new and unusual gray cloth, flecked with blue and red, with blue panels stamped in gold.

At all bookstores, $2.75

THE
MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

LEWIS GANNETT says:
"For mystery stories I prefer . . .

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON'S

Unsolved Mysteries of The Arctic

"You can have your Van Dines and Agatha Christies, even your Nero Wolfes and Asey Mayos . . .

"Five stories here preoccupy detective Stefansson—just as exciting and you don't have to accept the verdict. . . . Like an Arctic Sherlock Holmes he studies the records." $3.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dangerous Business

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Vandamm

From Gilbert Miller's production of "Libel"

WRITING is a hazardous profession in that an innocent author may at any moment find himself threatened with a suit for slander or arrest for libel.

The law of defamation, which includes both libel and slander, is harshest in its relation to those whom A. P. Herbert says are "engaged in one of the dangerous trades of writing, publishing, printing, and public speaking." Herbert says of us who thus earn our livelihood:

> We know that every word we use may be dangerous; but we cannot always tell which is the danger. The writer has two distinct grievances against the law of libel; it is extremely, and uncertainly, severe upon his own offences and it gives him little protection against the offences of others. He (and his editor, proprietor, or publisher) may have to pay damages for innocently defaming a fellow-citizen of whose existence he was not aware; but he may have no remedy for a concerted and prolonged campaign of abuse against him. He (like the rest of the world) does not dare write a word which may damage the earning capacity of a grocer, motor manufacturer, or doctor, but any corner-boy may write to the papers and say that he does not know his business, that his plays are twaddle and his books are foul.

Such criticism is allowed as "fair comment" and the law will not punish the critic even if he is wrong, yet not "maliciously motivated."

The common law was not concerned with morals. Its courts made no effort to have the King's subjects lead an ethical life. So it was left for the ecclesiastical courts of old England to develop the law of defamation. The priests, who sat in judgment, condemned defamation, together with lying and blasphemy as sins. The transition from sinfulness to unlawfulness was natural and easy. So by the sixteenth century the King's courts were ready to recognize defamation as a crime as well as the basis for a civil action. Portentously enough, the great impetus to the development of libel and slander actions was given by that notorious tribunal of oppression and suppression, the Court of Star Chamber.

From that inauspicious beginning the law has erratically ramified, to the discomfort of lawyers and worse than discomfort of their publishing clients. Today, an attorney is loath to advise his client one way or the other in a libel action, however simple the facts may be. He knows that too many simple cases in the past have been decided two or even three different ways by courts of various states; sometimes by courts of a single state. The fundamental trouble lies in the fact that the law of libel is a subtly growing body. It has to be. Radio, motion pictures, photographs—all present distinctly new problems for the law.

On page 109 of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," a novel of four hundred pages crowded with characters, appears the name of "Little Wayne Damron of Catlettsburg, Kentucky." He has nothing to do with the story; he is "just a passing bit of literary color."

Shortly after the book was published an action was brought by one who alleged himself to be in fact the "Little Wayne Damron of Catlettsburg, Kentucky," referred to in the book, and claiming damages not because he was in any way libeled or held up to ridicule or contempt therein, but because, as he alleged, Miss Ferber had made "an unauthorized use of his name for purposes of advertising or trade" contrary to the provisions of Section 51 of the Civil Rights Law of the State of New York. The case was promptly thrown out of court, for manifestly it would be difficult to invent a more far-fetched basis for a claim for damages than that this particular plaintiff's name had been used "for purposes of trade." Indeed, Mr. Damron was honest enough to admit that "the mention of said name in no way affected the sale of said book."

Had anybody for some unknown reason manufactured and offered for sale cigars, corsets, suspenders, or any other sort of goods under the name of "The Little Wayne Damron" without that gentleman's consent, the situation might have been different; but had the courts held that, simply because Miss Ferber had mentioned his name in her book without first obtaining his permission, she must pay Mr. Damron damages, every work dealing with contemporary biography or history would have to be scrapped. No letters, reminiscences, or autobiographies could be published. Every publishing house, every magazine, every movie theater, every newspaper would have to go out of business.

On the other hand, of course, there is always the chap who writes, complaining that you did *not* put him in by name. In one of my Tutt stories I described the Bar Harbor waterfront and mentioned the actual owners of several wharves, landings, and business places. The week after the story came out I received a letter from the proprietor of a neighboring float, claiming that his, and not the one mentioned, was the most convenient landing at that resort; further asserting that it was clear from the context that, when I wrote the story, I must in point of fact have meant his float, and asking me to

Next Week

THE FACE OF AMERICA
By JONATHAN DANIELS

MEN MUST ACT
By LEWIS MUMFORD
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see that a proper correction was inserted in the following issue.

Originally the function of the law of libel was to prevent quarrels and their physical consequences. From this arose the maxim "The greater the truth the greater the libel." But that maxim hasn't been the law in civil cases for over three hundred years. Today one may safely say that Eric is a crook if he really is one—so far as an action for damages is concerned. The penal law, however, still applies the old rule that truth is no defense. But generally speaking, an author or publisher need have few qualms about criminal libel. His worry should center on the possibility that what he says of real persons may be untrue and what he says about fictitious characters may defame a real person.

The law at one time seems to have required the plaintiff in a libel action to prove actual maliciousness or intent to defame on the part of the defendant.

There was a famous case in 1606 in which a certain "Parson Prick in a sermon recited a story out of Fox's Martyrology that one Greenwood, being a perjured person and a great persecutor, had great plagues inflicted upon him, and was killed by the hand of God; whereas in truth he was never so plagued *and was himself present at that sermon;* and he thereupon brought his action upon the case (against Parson Prick), for calling him a perjured person; and the defendant pleaded not guilty. And this matter being disclosed upon the evidence, Wray, Chief Justice, delivered the law to the jury, that it (the alleged slander) being delivered *but as a story*, and not with any malice or intent to slander any, he was not guilty of the words maliciously, and so was found not guilty."

So far as this decision holds that an actual malice or intent to defame a living person is a necessary element to recovery it is no longer generally the law, but it is of course no more likely today than in 1606 that any jury would hold a preacher liable for reading a story out of a book similar to Fox's "Martyrs" (if such could be found) in which the name of a member of the congregation figured —especially if it was alleged that God had already killed him.

Today the fact that the author or publisher did not intend to defame any one and acted entirely without malice is immaterial. If, in spite of the most beneficent intentions, the author defames a living person, he and his publisher, as well as the booksellers, are liable for damages. The law looks at the tendency and the consequences of the publication, not at the intention of the author and publisher. As said by that great jurist, Lord Mansfield: "Whatever a man publishes he publishes at his peril."

When writing biography or material concerning real, living persons, an author cannot be too careful. If possible he should have the manuscript approved by the subject of his writing. For, even if there is nothing on its face defamatory or derogatory in the manuscript, there may be a statement of fact which links with other facts not known to the author so as to defame the person. For example, take the newspaper which innocently printed a notice to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. P were expecting an heir in October. In fact the P's had been married only two months at the time of the publication and the heir was expected, if at all, in due course. The newspaper paid damages. No amount of conscientious care will absolve a writer or publisher in this type of case, although it may keep down his losses.

In fiction the author runs less of a risk but a more spectacular one. Just because a fictitious character resembles a real person in several particulars does not suffice for a libel suit. When the book or story is purely fictitious, and apparently so on its face, there is a presumption that the characters are fictitious. Readers cannot unreasonably regard as factual reporting what is set forth as fiction.

A. P. Herbert

But there is a brand of fiction which purports to portray real life. It has a locale, seemingly real characters, and the action takes place in the present or immediate past. Judging by the number of times living persons have found themselves sufficiently described and, by coincidence, called by name in such stories, there is great risk of accidental defamation. In all the cases reported in the law books the authors never had suspected any such person as they described to be alive.

These cases reported ring the changes on the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. They show that the best of fiction is only fictitiously false. For those who have inclinations towards supernatural or psychic beliefs, they might bear analysis.

A curious English case is that of Harrison versus Smith (20 L.T. 713) decided in 1869. A London magazine published an article purporting to set forth the actual reminiscences of the author, and among others described in detail the swindling activities of one *"General Plantagenet Harrison"* in Madrid and Seville. Shortly after publication there appeared an irate person who alleged that he was "General Plantagenet Harrison," his title of "General" having been acquired while fighting in Latin America. He further testified that he had traveled in Spain and had some difficulties with the police there, which he claimed accentuated the alleged damage to his reputation caused by the article, in that it gave a certain color of truth. Anyhow, he wanted, and demanded, a lot of money in consequence. In defense the author testified that he had become acquainted in Spain with a certain "Don Ricardo," also a figure in the article, who had given him his material; that at the time he had supposed the name Plantagenet Harrison to be fictitious or at least assumed; that he did not know, and had never heard of, such a person as "General" Plantagenet Harrison, nor had he any idea when he wrote the article that it could apply to any living person.

"Take an example from one of Thackeray's novels," said counsel for the defendant. "There is an absurd barrister called Cockle. There is also a living man, a most excellent, amiable, and distinguished barrister called Cockle, and he fills at this moment a most distinguished situation. Could he have brought an action against Mr. Thackeray?"

Replied Justice Lush: "If the character is the mere creation of the brain, then it would be no libel." Since, however, the article in question was not fiction but purported to set forth actual facts, the court held that there was a sufficient question of fact for the jury to pass on. In other words, the author was not excused as a matter of law.

Most of the reported cases have a distinctly humorous aspect. The leading English authority which finally crystallized the law upon the subject is Jones versus Hulton, 2 King's Bench 444 (1909). The Paris correspondent of *The London Sunday Chronicle* had written an article purporting to describe a "motor festival" at Dieppe in which his imagination gave rein to his descriptive powers as follows:

> Upon the terrace marches the world, attracted by the motor races—a world immensely pleased with itself, and minded to draw a wealth of inspiration —and, incidentally, of golden cocktails— from any scheme to speed the passing hour . . . "Whist! There is Artemus Jones with a woman who is not his wife, who must be, you know—the other thing!" whispers a fair neighbor of mine into her bosom friend's ear. Really, is it not surprising how certain of our fellow-countrymen behave when they come abroad? Who would suppose, by his goings on, that he was a church warden at Peckham? No one, indeed, would assume that Jones in the atmosphere of London would take on so austere a job as the duties of a church warden. Here, in the atmosphere of Dieppe, on the French side of the channel, he is the life and soul of a gay little band that haunts the Casino and turns night into day, besides betraying a most unholy delight in the society of female butterflies.

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year, Canada $4. Vol. XIX, No. 16, February 11, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

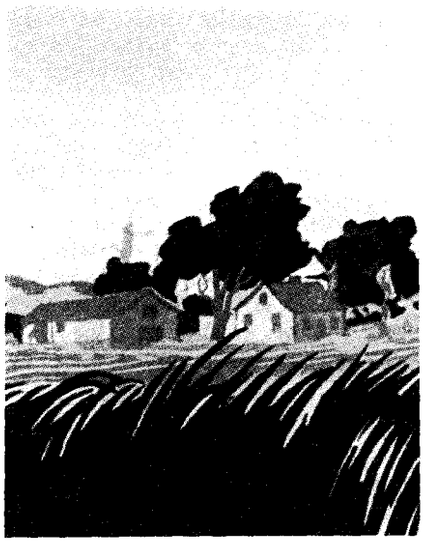
A Strong Novel of the Minnesota Land

WIND WITHOUT RAIN. By Herbert Krause. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

THOUGH neither a very soothing nor a very easy book to read, this first novel out of the Pockerbrush country of Minnesota is one of the best first novels in a good many years. The story itself will not please those who inhale literature as hasheesh, nor those who read to have their comfortable superstitions ratified. It is the cross-grained, cinder-textured stuff of reality, a sensitive farm boy's search for beauty and identity strangled and crushed by poverty, by parental and religious repression, by his own impossible idealisms. The net result of Franz Vildvogel's love of music, beauty, and two women is passion, violence, and the bitter peace of renunciation. In a moment of passion he wrecks the life and the body of his brother Jeppy, who tells this story. In his love for Liliem Schoen, a yellow-haired flirt, he tramples on the comfortable affection of his wife Tinkla, only to come back finally, linked to her by poverty and mutual suffering. And through the whole story his violin is a torture and a rapt delight, symbol of his passionate affirmation of identity in a hard environment, where his love of music and beauty are checked and thwarted by the labor of rocky acres, the rigors of a rocky religion, and the domination of a father hewn from granite.

It is not a comforting book. Good does not triumph. Truth felled to earth does not rise again stronger than before. Virtue gets as its reward only the bitter ash of disillusion. For all that, it is a very beautiful novel. Occasionally it is beautiful in its material, as in the fine understanding between Franz and his crippled brother, or the tenderness between the children and their beaten mother, or in the singing sadness of Franz's violin in the cluttered shack. But mainly it is beautiful in the *how* of its writing. Herbert Krause was poet before he turned novelist. He is still a poet here, clairvoyantly sensitive to the evocative power of language. Instinctively he repudiates the commonplace in diction; for that reason he puts a greater burden on his readers. The book cannot be read only with the surface of the mind. It must be read with the eye and ear and imagination, and by the same token, it is richly rewarding prose.



From the jacket of "Wind without Rain"

We have waited a long time for a writer who could, without compromising in the least the integrity of his observation, or softening his picture of the world, still transmute that real world into beauty. Mr. Krause can. He avoids the Scylla of covering his reality with meringue, and the Charybdis of throwing raw gobbets of material at his readers' heads. The beauty of his style doesn't dilute the honesty of his scenes, yet even in the bitterest of those scenes his words sing. And he has passion, feeling as opposed to sentiment, a seeing eye, artistic integrity. With those weapons he has brought down a prize; he should shoot even bigger game before he's through.

Ralph Bates's Spain

SIROCCO. By Ralph Bates. New York: Random House. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

RALPH BATES is an Englishman who, in literature and life, has given himself to Spain and made Spain his own. How profound this attachment is, how valuable its literary yield has been, readers of "Lean Men" and "The Olive Field" already know. "Sirocco," while bearing fresh witness to the depth and breadth of the union that has absorbed its author's entire being, adds richly to the growing body of literature for which that union must be thanked. And at this particular moment, the book comes to us with a timely maximum of poignancy and power.

The stories, anecdotes, sketches, and character studies that compose "Sirocco" vary in length and weight and intensity—they range in politics and time from the Monarchy of 1922 to the Civil War in 1937—but they are all one in kind and quality, for they spring from a common soil and are quickened by a common spirit. In no instance has the material been forced to fill the requirements of an author's favorite, predetermined form; in every instance it has been permitted and enabled to assume its natural and most expressive shape, to realize its intrinsic significance. These tales and scenes and sketches are all studies of a single subject—the soul of Spain—but they are studies by an artist who has no passion for generalization,

Pinchot

Ralph Bates

who is content to present the universal in terms of the particular. Nothing in his pages is theoretical, all is human. The Spain of "Sirocco" is not an ethos, nor an essence, nor an abstraction. It is Peret singing to his oxen; Casals and Nuri clearing the rocky field; Pablo, the peasant soldier; Comrade Vila; Andreu, the revolutionary son of a police spy, in the household of the Mutaners; Encinas, yoking his beasts as if in fulfillment of some ancient mystery; old Dr. Reyes, ignorant, dirty, and beneficent; Juanito, home from the war, impotent in his wife's arms.

The stories that Mr. Bates tells of these men, and of their fellows and their women, are all close to earth, deeply rooted in a soil and in a peasant way of life. They are, many of them, violent stories. But this author never mistakes violence for power, and with him the measure of the one is never the measure of the other. There is, too, a poet in this naturalistic writer, who gives rhythm and color and a hint of immaterial meanings to these earthy tales of sweat and blood and childbearing and ugly death. The poet contributes what, for want of a better description, may be called a kind of contrapuntal symbolism. So we find that the birth of the child, in the first tale, is matched by the launching of the boat; that the fate of Nuri is one with that of the unreaped field; that a man and a republic are born, together, in agony; that, in the title story, the fury of the storm finds its echo in the fury of the people. There is symbolism, too, in the story of Angela and in the moving tale of Juanito and Lucia. But in no instance is the symbolism ever forced.

When Ralph Bates gave himself to Spain he made a free and loving gift of an English pen that has few peers today. He belongs to that small company of authors who, while responding passionately and with tender understanding to the life of their own times, are writing unforgettably.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sunshine and Heat, Darkness and Rain"

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS, A Memoir of D. H. Lawrence (with a preface by Aldous Huxley). By Knud Merrild. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HORGAN

THERE have been many books about D. H. Lawrence since his death in 1930. Unhappy in purpose and effect as some of them have been, they all stand as tributes to his power in communicating his response to life, which was often brilliant and high-spirited, and often furious with emotion that betrayed while it tried to mask his intensity; but always true to his sensibility. Remember how this was recorded in the closing sentences of "E. T.'s" book about Lawrence's childhood and youth:

> Lawrence was always . . . a symbol of overflowing life. He seemed able to enter into other lives, and not only human lives. With wild things, flowers and birds, a rabbit in a snare, the speckled eggs in a hole in the ground he was in primal sympathy—a living vibration passed between him and them.

This latest book about him is by a man whose personality serves them both well. Knud Merrild is a Danish painter who came, with a friend, to live in Taos in 1922. It was not long until "the Danes" met Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, and a friendship was struck up. Within a few weeks, the four of them were settled together on a ranch in the Taos mountains, to spend the winter in the closest association. This book, describing their association, is certainly one of the happiest results that such a friendship could produce.

In the first place, it is by a man of wide nature and an instinctive belief in justice. In the second place, he is a man of talent, and so is sensitive to beauties of spirit and proportion in human beings. This quality was essential to understanding, not to say living with, Lawrence. Not once does Merrild harbor anything but a broad and glowing affection for a man whom he has seen at his best and also at his worst. Lawrence was of that order of talent which acutely experiences in itself not only all of man's exaltation, but also his darkest impulses. These may be as intense and effective in thought, to such a man, as they might be, in behavior, to a lesser. Merrild was aware of this, and his frank, extremely readable book tells us many particulars about the nature of genius. His tale is as full of gossip as a letter, it is honest, and it has frequent felicities of expression that make it a joy to read.

Merrild has put down several fine portraits in words. The best of course is Lawrence's—one feels this even without having known Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence is here too, in her grand dimensions of kindness and intelligence. She was surely one of the great partners in the history of literary marriages. The Danes themselves appear in modest portraiture that is appealing. The conversation of these people is transcribed with great skill, and a dramatic sense of the distribution of the parts. In many cases Lawrence's opinions are lifted from his books, and replaced, as it were, in their original circumstances, coming alive as talk among that group of friends, all of whom seem so interesting in this book.

But as it is the core and spring of the whole chronicle, so is Lawrence's quality the best subject of this author.

> If he was one thing, he was also the opposite. If he was sunshine and heat, he was also darkness and rain. He was not just one color but the combination of them all. He was the whole rainbow.

"Mrs. Lawrence is here too, in her grand diversions of kindness and intelligence" . . . (Frieda Lawrence at Atlixcomex, 1923)

Lawrence's really acute and special power to *find* and *recognize* those competing men in himself—if this was the pain of his life, it was also the very vehicle of his art. Merrild's account of Lawrence in so many episodes of frankness and self-revelation makes its best claim to credence because of its very "inconsistencies," so sympathetically seen. Lawrence really had no program in his writing, and so does not "belong" to the various cults of psychology and literature which would claim him as priest. He was the exquisite sensitivity responding to anything in life; this was his true rarity, uncontradicted by those otherwise various books about him which I have read. Among these Merrild's now takes an honorable place, along with Mrs. Lawrence's "Not I But the Wind," "E. T.'s" study, and Aldous Huxley's essay in his edition of Lawrence's "Letters."

Paul Horgan, a resident of New Mexico, is the author of several novels, including "The Fault of Angels" and "Main Line West."

Build-up for the Crisis

EUROPE IN RETREAT. By Vera Micheles Dean. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

LAST year when Europe was speeding toward the Czechoslovakian disaster, Vera Micheles Dean was on the ground watching the diplomatic melodrama behind the scenes. But years before the "peace of Munich," she was studying the political, economic, and diplomatic moves that were part of the build-up for the crisis that came to a head in September. And in this penetrating analysis of European power politics, her training and experience as Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association stand her in good stead.

For the student of contemporary affairs who wants light without heat, here is an invaluable volume. It is a step-by-step, documented account of European developments from the World War period, through the various conferences, efforts toward appeasement, breakdowns of collective security, ideological struggles, cynical diplomacy, and finally the Franco-British surrender to Hitler at Munich. It is a lucid, completely fair presentation, admirably written and well indexed.

The train of events that led up to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia began a long time ago. What happened in the Fuehrerhaus last September 29th was the culmination of an extended series of Allied mistakes. The Allied powers, Mrs. Dean points out, were not always altruistic—or even far-sighted—in their attitude toward the League of Nations. Instead of invoking Article XIX of the Covenant in order to remove the causes of war, "The League states concentrated their efforts on devising an effective mechanism to punish aggression after it had occurred." This provided the defeated countries with the argument "—not always without justice —that the League, by refusing to provide a method for peaceful political or economic change, left them no alternative except resort to force."

Then Hitler came into power. Mrs. Dean tells us that "the gravest mistake made by the Western democracies in their relations with Nazi Germany has been to underestimate the shrewdness and staying power" of the Nazi dictator. When the British Prime Minister faced the Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden last September, there could be no meeting of minds. "To Mr. Chamberlain's surprise, Hitler turned out to be neither a gentleman nor a businessman, but a fanatic—the one species of humanity which the British find completely baffling." Lord Halifax described the Fuehrer as a "man from the moon." Furthermore, the British were suffering from "high minded astigmatism."

The rival ideologies at war in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Czechoslovakian and other recent international crises have confused the major issues at stake. The result is that "ordinary imperialist struggles for spheres of influence, strategic footholds, markets, and raw materials assumed the proportions of a Nietzschean conflict between the forces of good and evil."

"Europe in Retreat" should be required reading for all those interested in world affairs. And why not for members of Congress?

Henry C. Wolfe is the author of "The German Octopus."

Escape to the Tropics

CRUSOE'S ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Heath Bowman and Jefferson Bowman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

HEATH BOWMAN and Jefferson Bowman are unusual among those who escape to the tropics and write about them. This book was written on the spot, without the perspective that time and distance give, and the spot was furthermore no bargain to bulge the envy of those constrained to stay at home. They lived sumptuously, for such latitudes, with a large house, mechanical refrigeration, pasteurized milk, clipped hedges, and servants who could be peremptorily summoned to chase the frog out of the living room. It was rather a different life from that of Robinson Crusoe whose "Strange Surprising Adventures" were laid by Defoe on an island now identified as this same Tobago. But Heath Bowman and his wife, Jefferson Bowman, needed no primitive hardship to whet their enjoyment of the scene. Their book is lush with its beauties, and occasionally amusing in its account of the problems they had to face on a small island where nine-tenths of the population is more or less black. The Negroes were truly the masters there, as they discovered when their own servants cut off their food supply.

There was little other excitement, nor did they seek it, for they were content to soak in the charm of the place. They watched the Birds of Paradise dance, a most rare spectacle; they unearthed old china and glass; they saw Carnival and a native wedding; they talked with the exquisitely dull English planters and garnered material for several chapters of Tobagonian history that are no less sodden. In contrast to Heath Bowman's previous travel books, which all seem spontaneous, this gives the impression of an inveterate author determined to wring the last salable adjective from his holiday notes. The book is padded and forced, and obscured by the collaboration in which "we" write (synchronously, I take it) and yet refer in the third person to Heath and Jefferson, who are "ourselves."

Searcher for Truth

SALUTE TO FREEDOM. By Eric Lowe. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

AMONG the many characters who in recent fiction have groped with painful resolution toward an understanding of what a free man's convictions should be, the central figure of this novel stands out, clear and impressive, against a background of tumult and confusion. Robin Stewart dramatizes in his own history much that is important about the individual's social relationship to his particular milieu and much more that is important about his philosophical relationship to a swiftly changing world.

He is a more striking figure than most

Eric Lowe

of the troubled searchers for truth because he does not belong to the submerged class that has given so many of them a thin philosophy of protest. He is brought up among that group of people who, at the turn of the century, still held large tracts of land in Australia on an almost feudal basis. In his boyhood and young manhood, Robin Stewart feels so strong a loyalty to his tradition that he sacrifices everything, including all intellectual interests, in order to be on the land. Even when a friend of wider and clearer vision assures him that those "of the past must die," he repudiates the warning and clings fondly to the idea of reliving the pioneer's robust story.

It is the War which destroys this pleasant dream. The economic uncertainty of the times woefully belabors his private plans; larger forces of change destroy the pastoral scene. They break up the large holdings; bring about the clearing of the land for agriculture.

These heavy blows at complacency, together with a sudden awareness of the brutal folly of the War itself, rouse the intellectual man in Robin Stewart. His old pattern of life is gone and the rest of his life is required for the slow piecing together of a new one. Back in Australia, after the shocking and futile campaigns in Egypt and Palestine, he tries to be content with half-hearted imitations of his young dead self.

It is association with a group of intellectuals in Sydney that helps him, at last, to grope his way toward identification with a meaningful way of life. The inevitable last scene takes place in war-torn Spain where he has gone like Byron, but without any Byronic melodrama, to offer his personal salute to freedom. There he finally accepts the conviction from which he has been trying throughout his life to escape. "Force destroys; thought builds," he tells himself; and then:

> Force must be met with force, but not with the weight of guns. Thought itself was a force. No single intellect was strong enough. . . . But the collective mind of millions with a single aim in view would win to freedom. Not in a night, not in a year, not even in a generation. . . .

Robin Stewart is not a charming character. Too troubled to develop graces, too self-absorbed to be fully aware of the plight of others, he plays throughout the book the role of the sentimental destroyer. He is especially unfortunate in his relations with women. The older woman whom he marries, in a moment of luxurious surrender to the tradition of knighthood, cannot long persuade him to like his sacrifice. In the end he drives her insane. Similarly, he hurts, through a combination of impetuosity, generosity, and greed, all the women whom he encounters.

Robin Stewart's mind is the battle ground on which past and present struggle. Divided loyalties and mixed impulses carry on civil war within him. He becomes a vivid example of that angry, nervous tension which is so characteristic of the temper of our time.

Because he is a vivid character, the scenes through which we follow him reflect his vitality. Physical action restores balance to a narrative that might have become unduly weighted with mental passion. A man-hunt; the pursuit of cattle thieves; a stampede; scenes of the War dramatize one phase of Robin Stewart's life; his effort to climb a great rock, symbolizing the wish to overcome inertia and despair, dramatize the other.

There is strength, insight, and passionate conviction in this novel. It is big in scope as well as in size. But what will recommend it to many readers is the fact that it communicates, better than any recent novel, a sympathy for the awful vertigo of the baffled visionary.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Wild Palms and Ripe Olives

WILLIAM FAULKNER has written another novel, and once again the familiar questions arise which his work customarily inspires. Is Faulkner a subtle technician, or merely a literary acrobat? Does the catalogue of horrors which contribute to his plots and narratives represent something impalpable but profound in human experience, or are they just a series of sensations invented to make your flesh creep? Do Faulkner's characters symbolize the rootless degeneracy associated with contemporary life, or do they represent only the private world of his own imagination?

Various reviewers are giving contradictory answers to these questions, which are particularly acute in relation to Faulkner's new novel, "The Wild Palms," because this novel is Faulkner at his most characteristic. Without attempting to quote all the reviews of "The Wild Palms," we select three which seem to cover the whole range of opinion: Clifton Fadiman's in *The New Yorker*, John Chamberlain's in *Harper's*, and Ben Ray Redman's in *The Saturday Review*.

On the technical side, there is the question whether "The Wild Palms" is one novel or two: whether the two narratives, ten years apart in time, involving two different groups of characters and two separate series of events, have any connection with each other. Mr. Redman, you will recall, explicitly said that they had no connection: "it may be claimed that a certain vague irony is achieved by their juxtaposition, but a similar effect could be produced by printing together in similar fashion—to take only one possible pair—Benjamin Constant's 'Adolphe' and Stephen Crane's 'The Open Boat.'" Mr. Fadiman concurs, if a shade less explicitly: "the publisher's blurb . . . invites us to believe that the book as a whole is a kind of exercise in counterpoint, with all kinds of subtle correspondences linking the alternate narratives. Those who like guessing games will be eager to trace these profound parallels and will doubtless succeed in doing so, which does not alter the fact that solving a puzzle and reading a novel are separate mental activities." To Mr. Chamberlain, however: "gradually the symbolic nature of 'The Wild Palms' becomes apparent. . . . Faulkner is trying to say that in the modern world you are likely to be cribbed, cabined, and confined whether you love freedom or hunger for the certainties of slavery. . . . Without a word about politics and economics, and perhaps even without intending it, Faulkner has written a highly charged political allegory."

And the effect? "There is something feeble," writes Mr. Fadiman, "about a creative imagination that, before it can deal with human beings, must call to its aid a flood, two abortions, various extremes of physical suffering . . . and human degeneracy ad libitum. Mr. Faulkner's mastery of certain limited technical effects is indisputable. . . . But for his creative power in general one reserves the same severely qualified enthusiasm that one has for the transient vitality that follows a shot of adrenalin." Mr. Redman, on the other hand, concludes that "the story of Henry Wilbourne and Charlotte Rittenmeyer . . . is a love story that kindles our imagination, persuades our reason, and leaves us emotionally shaken." And Mr. Chamberlain: "he leaves you with a far better sense of the horrible depths that lurk beneath contemporary surfaces than you could ever get from the soberly realistic studies of writers who are concerned with what they fancy as the cold truth."

Thus the position of William Faulkner, widely regarded as one of America's leading novelists, but looked upon by a substantial minority as being incredibly overrated, illustrates the inevitable relativity of book reviewing. Those who attempt, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, to "see the thing as it is," have a hopeless assignment. What is the thing as it is, in Faulkner's case? Those of us who think his Charlotte and Henry are dull, unattractive lovers who are too arrested in development, too completely isolated from responsible experience to illuminate the nature of love, are free to declare that Faulkner's reputation is a case of the emperor's new clothes—but how are we to prove it in the face of Mr. Redman, to whom these characters are moving individuals, and of Mr. Chamberlain, to whom they are significant symbols?

Does this indicate an absence of standards in book reviewing? On the contrary, it implies a multiplicity of standards. If all reviewers agreed on all important questions, the literary atmosphere might take on a color of authority which at present it lacks. But it seems to us that this possibly specious authority would hardly make up for the vitality of honest argument. Those who share Mr. Fadiman's opinion of "The Wild Palms" will appreciate all the more the opportunity to see, through the eyes of the more favorable reviewers, what they may be missing.

Maugham on Reading

The idea that people will read more if they read for pleasure, without regard for the tastes of others or for the feeling that one *ought* to read the "acknowledged masterpieces," is ably upheld by W. Somerset Maugham in last week's *Saturday Evening Post*. In his article called "Books and You," Mr. Maugham has brought off that extremely difficult feat, an interesting, provocative, and unpretentious essay on the enjoyment of reading. In discussing his own favorite books, he concentrates heavily on the eighteenth century. It will be interesting to see the effect of Mr. Maugham's article on the library demand and reprint sales of some of his favorites—"Moll Flanders," for instance, and "Tristram Shandy" and "Tom Jones." If reading can be stimulated by intelligent remarks addressed to a large audience, Mr. Maugham's article ought to be extremely persuasive and effective. As to reading for pleasure, Mr. Maugham writes, "let no one think that pleasure is immoral. Pleasure in itself is a great good. . . . They are wise in their generation who have discovered that intellectual pleasure is the most satisfying. . . . But who is going to acquire the habit of reading, for reading's sake, if he is bidden to read books that bore him?"

Address to Winter

By DAVID ROSS

NOW sun has lapsed his dues,
Rescinds his pledge of light,
And summer's balance
Hangs in panic's deficit,

Announce your new economy
In frosty manifesto,
And formulate your policy
With counsel of shrewd snow.

Revoke the licensed pulse that mixes
Music with its tides; prohibit
The seed's autonomy; expunge
The vivid text of fruited wit.

Impound the sap,
Foreclose the tree;
Deny sky-trading hills
Their subsidy.

Yet even now, the disenfranchised root
Repairs his wrecked machinery,
Rehearses his escape in fruit,
And deliverance in greenery.

Yet even now, despite your frost's acetylene,
And cordon of advancing snows,
Roots memorize a discipline
To liberate the rose.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Phil Stong's Home Town; The Mystery Writers' Craft*

Keosauqua

SIR: That is a very good review of "The Long Lane"—all I can do in the way of reply to remarks about some deficiencies is to murmur feebly that Mr. Cordell doesn't need to feel smart about noticing them—everyone else did, too. Still, I like it.

I do want to protest bitterly, however, about the misspelling of the name of my home town, Keosauqua, Iowa—represented here as Keosaqua. How would you like to be called *The Satrday Review of Literatre*? It seems to me that any magazine with the literary and critical eminence of *The Review* ought to know how to spell Keosauqua. I'll bet you pronounce it Kee-*ah*-sokwa, too, when every child in Van Buren County knows that it is Kee-oh-*sock*-wuh. It means "beautiful land" in Algonquian and you would best keep that in mind when you mention our city in the future.

I'll give *The Saturday Review* a scoop —the WPA is putting a new bridge over the river there, connecting Bonaparte and Mt. Zion by land.

Now, if you ever have the reckless courage to try to work one of your inhuman puzzles, you will know how "A nine-letter word meaning 'beautiful land' in Algonquian," is spelled. With two "u's."

Aside from this outrage, I am at peace with you and the world, or a little bit of it.

PHIL STONG.

Washington, Conn.

Too Many Murders

SIR: After considerable reading in the Detective-Mystery field it seems clear to me that in 9.9 out of 10 of the new American books, murder is being carried too far. Bodies are piling up like cordwood, second-string characters are meeting with violent deaths in a wholesale manner, and it is all bad business. This blood lust is losing the judicious reader, the best reviewer, friend, and propagandist of the mystery novel writer. He is turning to other fields or buying the stories of English writers, a more conservative lot, who in the main, are content with one or two deaths in eighty thousand words.

Multiple murders are not unknown in the annals of the history of crime. Many of the great classic cases were of this order. However, a study of these discloses that the murderer stops his bloody business when investigation gets under way. Not so in many of the modern crime novels.

The plots of these books run in a line like this: X murders A. Investigation starts. X murders B, C, D, or perhaps (you don't always know) E, F, G, etc. Dead men still warm from all manner of novel and attractive ways of murder appear in chapter after chapter with the investigation in full swing. When the last pages are reached and the reader is expecting to find out everything, there aren't enough characters left alive to corroborate the detective's explanation. And since he is showing X as the murderer of A, he feels under no obligation to explain B, C, D, E, etc. in full detail. The manner in which the detective wades around the murdered in the present crop of crime stories, you'd think the fellow was an accessory before the fact. The very appearance of the investigator seems to signal the death of almost every one he questions. It is getting so I hesitate to memorize a character's name in the run-of-the-mill story for I feel sure the chances of his survival for more than a few pages thereafter are very slim.

The chain murder plot is never satisfactorily ended. It cannot be made to carry the ring of truth, for the world of homicide does not act that way. It lacks the punch of the true thriller. The chain murder develops bad writing, for it is really a lazy scoundrel's device, a solution of difficulties by destroying them.

Hollywood will have nothing to do with this type of plot, and for once its literary choice can be applauded. It is governed by the fact that it is only with the greatest of pains and the perfect grinding of diplomatic wheels that the picture people can put one corpse by the censors. Wholesale murder is impossible for their purposes. Their money goes (and they do buy a lot of mysteries) to the writer who stays pretty close to the one-corpse tradition of Sherlock.

This mad slaughter should cease. Clean the blood from the typewriter and save the craft.

DICK O'NEILL.

New York City.

"Author! Author!"

It Means What It Says

SIR:—With all due respect to my elders, I cannot withhold a severe criticism of George Dangerfield's review of "The Death of the Heart" by Elizabeth Bowen, —and of yourself for printing it. We undergraduates give such writing an expressive if indelicate name and indulge in its use only when we are uninformed upon or uninterested in the subject-matter of a required paper. Quiller-Couch called it jargon. For all our sakes, ask yourself if this means anything or belongs in the realm of legitimate criticism:

"Miss Bowen has achieved the emphatic feat of being at once detached from and submerged in the life she describes. She sees it as something complacent, resigned, malign, and futile; she sees it also as striving not to be any of these things. She does not blame the individual human being and so her characters have not the unconvincing appearance of people already condemned. They continue to exist as best they can, they try to be nice, but they form a hopeless pattern."

EDWIN A. HALSEY.
(Dartmouth 1940.)

Hanover, N. H.

"When Dangerfield Approves"

SIR:—When George Dangerfield approves, so do I. Reason: the gentleman once put me right on none other than "Of Time and the River" by Thomas Wolfe. I've been grateful ever since. I repeat: if George Dangerfield praises, I read, and what's more, I like.

VIOLA WINTERBURN.

South Bellingham, Wash.

William Starke Rosecrans

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Major-General William Starke Rosecrans. Any information concerning the General, and especially that giving the whereabouts of Rosecrans letters and papers, will be gratefully received. Military criticisms of General Rosecrans's Civil War campaigns are invited.

Box 191, HARVEY S. FORD.
Burton, Ohio

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Valley in Virginia

THE JAMES. By Blair Niles. Edited by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by VIRGINIUS DABNEY

THE metes and bounds of this readable volume extend well beyond the storied valley of the James. Mrs. Niles treats in some detail of life along the Potomac, notably at Nomini Hall, where "Councillor" Carter resided, and at Mount Vernon. She even crosses the mountains to Lexington, and is a vicarious witness for us of Lee's last years.

However, the James River is the tawny thread upon which a goodly portion of the story is woven. Beginning with the earliest settlements near its mouth, the author carries the oldest American colony and state through the colonial and antebellum years, through Civil War and reconstruction, on down to the present. It is a saga which takes the reader from John Smith to Bill Robinson, from William Byrd to Harry Byrd.

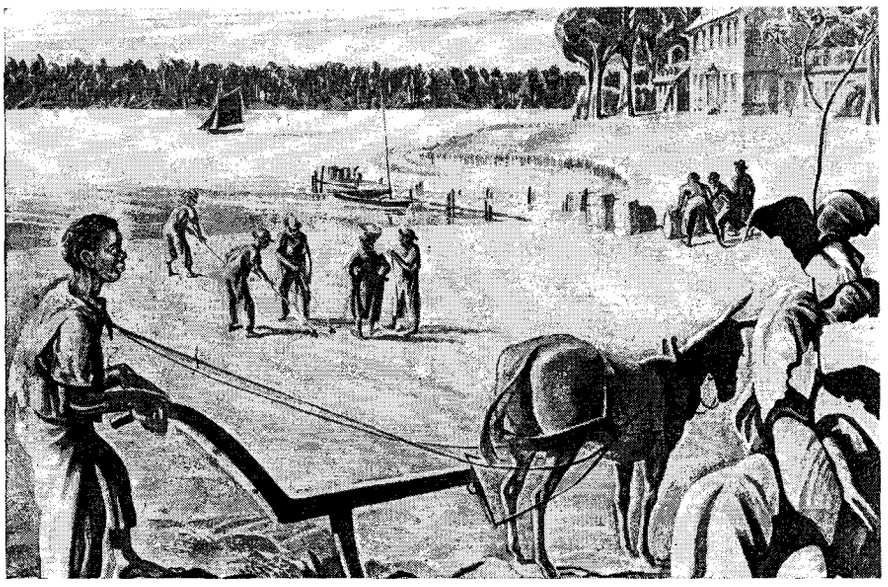
Constance Lindsay Skinner, editor of the American Rivers Series, explains that this is "a literary and not an historical series," one in which "people are supreme; events are secondary." Mrs. Niles's contribution to the series fulfills this requirement, but there will be questionings as to the validity of some of her inclusions.

No two people would choose exactly the same material for a volume of this sort, so that it would be captious to stress this aspect of the book unduly. But when the author says that in her mind "there gradually came to be no question which people and which events should be included," one would like to interpose a few major demurrers. Why, for example, should a volume entitled "The James" concern itself with many details of Washington's life at Mount Vernon, or with Matthew F. Maury's scientific discoveries in remote oceans, or with Lee at Appomattox and Lexington, while virtually ignoring certain other figures who were genuinely significant, and at the same time more closely identified with the James River?

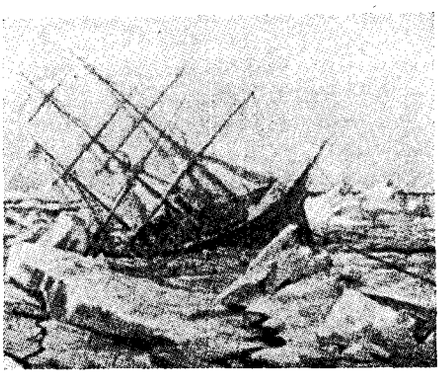
There was William Byrd, 2nd, for instance. The careers of Washington and Lee are familiar, in their general outlines, to almost every literate American. That of Colonel Byrd, the founder of Richmond and perhaps the most civilized man of his generation in America, is hardly known at all, outside Virginia. His life was spent, for the most part, on his beautiful James River estate, Westover, but he gets little space in the volume under review. Then there was Nathaniel Bacon, who is given one brief paragraph. He was not only one of the most important, but one of the most picturesque figures in our history, for he led the first popular uprising against British rule. The vast majority of Americans have never heard of him, so that in his stormy career along the James is the raw material for an illuminating chapter in the history of democracy.

It must be conceded that Mrs. Niles addresses herself to many of the salient figures who have moved through the valley of the James during the more than three centuries that white men have inhabited it, and her bibliography shows that she has read widely. She manages to capture a good deal of the glamour and the romance of the region, although to this reviewer's way of thinking, she is excessively concerned with the amorous adventures of her subjects. These adventures are, however, always wholly decorous, a fact which may or may not appeal to the unregenerate.

Virginius Dabney is editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.



From the endpapers of "The James"



The last of the *Jeannette* (courtesy Lt. B. L. Austin and U. S. Navy Department)

Disasters at Sea

ADMIRAL DEATH. By Hanson Baldwin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

WERE it not for the implications, there would be comparatively little point in telling tales so familiar to the general reader as those of the *Jeannette* expedition, the battle of Jutland, or the sinking of the *Lusitania;* and of the twelve disastrous struggles of little men against Joseph Conrad's ocean the special reader of sea-stories will hardly find novelty beyond the tales of the sinking of *Number Six* and the wreck of the *Central America.* But the implications are strikingly present—around the whole volume there hangs the atmosphere Morgan Robertson sought for all his life and missed, an aura of desperate and implacable doom, through which men move as the puppets of some force that deprives them of their normal intelligence or mocks their efforts to use it.

That force is the sea itself. Baldwin's narrative is as cold as ice, an unvarnished report by a man who knows what he is talking about well enough to give accounts of twelve disasters that might be by eye-witnesses. Yet the selection of detail carries the significance, as in the case of the *Titanic,* where the detail that interests him most is the picture of the *Californian,* placidly steaming away from the sinking ship, so near that those on board the doomed vessel could see her lights as they dropped into the city water. Two Italian officers, in one of the bravest deeds of history, ride a torpedo into Pola harbor and blow up a battleship—to discover that there has been a revolution two days before and the ship now belongs to their Serbian allies. The *Meduse* frigate grounds on a shoal and several hundred men die miserably because a fat landsman will not sacrifice a hundred barrels of flour.

The book is such a model of clear objective reporting that it is almost impossible to offer any other comment than that there are here twelve stories well told and united by a central theme.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln and His Assassin

LINCOLN TALKS: A Biography in Anecdote. Compiled by Emanuel Hertz. New York: The Viking Press. $3. *(Published Feb.* 14).

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

MR. HERTZ presents in this volume some seven hundred pages of anecdotes about Abraham Lincoln. The stories are given as they were related by the people who experienced them. The result is a book by many authors—possibly as many as a thousand—reporting from memory the episode or two in which their paths and Lincoln's crossed. The group in its totality is catholic in composition—ranging from the humble to the great, through friends and enemies, covering the entirety of Lincoln's career and giving the full range of his personality. One common trait runs through all the reporting. Each storyteller is fully conscious that his own more or less ordinary life has been given a degree of immortality because of its contact with the martyred President. The effect of this on the reporting needs no elaboration.

Mr. Hertz's part in the making of the book is a mere scissors and paste performance. All of the stories which he uses have, I believe, previously appeared in print. He eschews all effort at critical appraisal of the anecdotes he includes. A good number of them would stand up under rigorous tests of accuracy and reliability. But many are little more than "Lincoln stories" with all the embroidery any one familiar with the memories and the motivations of eye-witnesses will recognize. Mr. Hertz is not unaware that the credibility of some of his stories might be questioned. He has sought primarily completeness on the assumption that in the totality of many stories all personal equations will have canceled one another out and that the result will approach a more objective portrait of Lincoln than any one man could have drawn. It is true that the compilation does achieve the result of a vivid and consistent Lincoln. But it is the Lincoln of the legend—a great, wise, human Lincoln, not untrue to fact in a large sense even if fact in a small sense has been badly distorted.

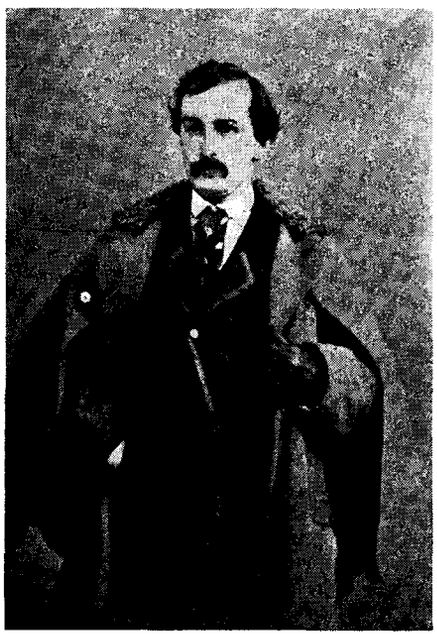
The book, of course, is not biography. It is rather a sort of reference book of "Lincoln stories." Indeed Mr. Hertz dedicates his book to "all the speakers and writers who have ever used, or intend to use, a 'Lincoln story.'" That numerous and motley tribe will soon discover the unrivaled utility of the book in this respect. Finally the compilation should interest students of humor. For Lincoln was a great story-teller.

Paul H. Buck's "Road to Reunion" won the Pulitzer Prize for history.

THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN. The Story of John Wilkes Booth and His Part in the Assassination. By Philip Van Doren Stern. New York: Random House. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS book is an effective piece of semi-fictional reconstruction. Assuming that the method is legitimate (which to the present reviewer seems quite an assumption), the volume constitutes a vivid and absorbing page from the past. Mr. Stern begins with the night of April 11, 1865—with John Wilkes Booth watching the jubilant crowd of serenaders who poured into the White House grounds and heard Lincoln make his speech hailing Lee's surrender. A few



John Wilkes Booth

pages later, and he is dealing with the events of Friday, April 14; dealing with them from John Wilkes Booth's point of view. He describes the preparations Booth made, retails his last conversations with Mrs. Surratt, her son, Paine, Atzerodt, and the others involved in his plot, analyzes the thoughts whirling through his brain. He tells of the beginning of the performance at Ford's Theater, of Booth's wait for the moment when the stage would be almost empty, of his stealthy entrance into the President's box, of the shot, of his plunge to the floor below, and of his escape past Harry Hawk, past Laura Keene, to the stage door at the rear. Then he shifts the scene suddenly to the house on Lafayette Square where Paine mounts the stair, disguised as a messenger with medicine, to stab the invalid Seward.

The best part of the book, however, is the second half, which tells of Booth's ten days of flight and agony. The story of his half-fainting ride across the Potomac at Anacostia, of his arrival at Dr. Mudd's house for treatment in the early dawn of April 15th, and of his flight to the swampy woods again that night, is vigorously, rapidly, and accurately related. Then came the long days of hiding and slow progress southward, until he crossed the river into Virginia; the final attempt to take refuge at Garrett's farm; the coming of the Federal troops; and his death as the barn burned. A brief epilogue describes the execution of his confederates.

It is not history; it is not fiction. It is something between the two. To this reviewer such a mixture of genres is decidedly dubious. Yet it must be said that Mr. Stern has poured an immense deal of careful research into his book. He has invented little beyond certain conversations; and he includes in the volume a conscientious statement of just what he *has* invented. There is no danger that any reader of sense will be led astray. The book may be censured on the ground that it makes Booth too likable a character, that it tends to blur the awfulness of his crime. But for those who do not mind a mixture of history and fiction, for those who do not object to the casting of Booth in the role of protagonist, the volume will be an enthralling story of crime and attempted escape.

Nazi Self-Portrait

LUNACY BECOMES US. By Adolf Hitler and His Associates. Edited by Clara Leiser. New York: Liveright. 1939. $1.25.

THE lighter side of life in a totalitarian state is here illustrated, albeit somewhat sardonically, by quotations combed from recent German literature—from "Mein Kampf" to the most obscure village newspaper. "If what we have done here is lunacy," said General Goering, "then lunacy becomes us." Miss Leiser allows Hitler, Goering, and their associates to speak for themselves in hundreds of unintentional witticisms.

One can properly review Miss Leiser's extraordinary collection, however, only by quoting a few favorites. "Adam and Eve, oldest of Biblical names," proclaimed the "Reichswart" in 1935, "should be blacklisted as unfit for Aryans." A proclamation by the Mayor of Koenigsdorf reads: "Cows and cattle which were bought from Jews directly or indirectly may not be bred with the community bull." A writer in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* declared in 1933: "We are not and do not want to be the land of Goethe and Einstein. Anything but that." Although one could accumulate similar oddities from American and British publications, it is consoling to reflect that such lunacy has not yet become the official state philosophy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beginning of Greatness

THE RISE OF GEORGE CANNING. By Dorothy Marshall. With an Introduction by Harold Temperley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IF the first third of the twentieth century were known for nothing else in the field of historical research, it would be notable for its re-creation of the events and characters of the first third of the nineteenth, and nowhere more than in England. With the publication of Professor Webster's "Castlereagh" and Professor Temperley's "Canning" some dozen years ago, the knowledge and appreciation of the men who fought the Napoleonic wars and struggled through the dark years thereafter has grown steadily—and the stature of those statesmen with it. To this great work of rehabilitation the present volume on the rise of Canning is a notable contribution. It covers not only the early years of that statesman but his official life to the death of Pitt in 1806; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any like chronicle of any such man of eminence as is here drawn from the wide and intimate variety of private sources as this. For George Canning was at all times given to journals, correspondence, and what are known as "fugitive" writings, and the author of the present work has thus had at her command an amazingly extensive and intimate set of materials from which to draw her fascinating portrait of a young man on his way to greatness.

It is an admirably done "speaking likeness" of a man who, whatever his other qualities, was from beginning to end a vital and colorful figure. He had what is generally regarded as a heavy liability in the field of politics—a keen sense of humor and a pretty wit. He had, as well, strong convictions and a tongue as sharp as his pen. "I love," he wrote, "the bold uncompromising mind, whose principles are fixed, whose views defined." And he hated, no less, that "modern cant," which prates of "taste in morals," and all the cant of the species of the Friend of Humanity who was

"A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The Friend of every Country—but his own."

It was a far journey from the author of that famous parody on Southey's Sapphics, "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder" to the author of the great phrase, "I have called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," and the present work covers only a part of that long pilgrimage. Yet with it and the admirable biography of Professor Temperley there are few men who have at long last been better treated by history. There are few men, perhaps, who have better deserved such treatment, not only for what they did but for what they were. It has been acutely observed that while Castlereagh made the settlement of Europe after the Napoleonic wars possible, it was Canning who first made foreign affairs popular, and for that, if for nothing else, democracy should be grateful to him. It is true that, though he made enemies, Canning never suffered the outrageous and untruthful attacks which were made on Castlereagh by the young Radicals of his day. He never endured such a ferocious and unjustified assault as Shelley's malicious and ill-informed lines, "I met Murder on the way, It had the face of Castlereagh."

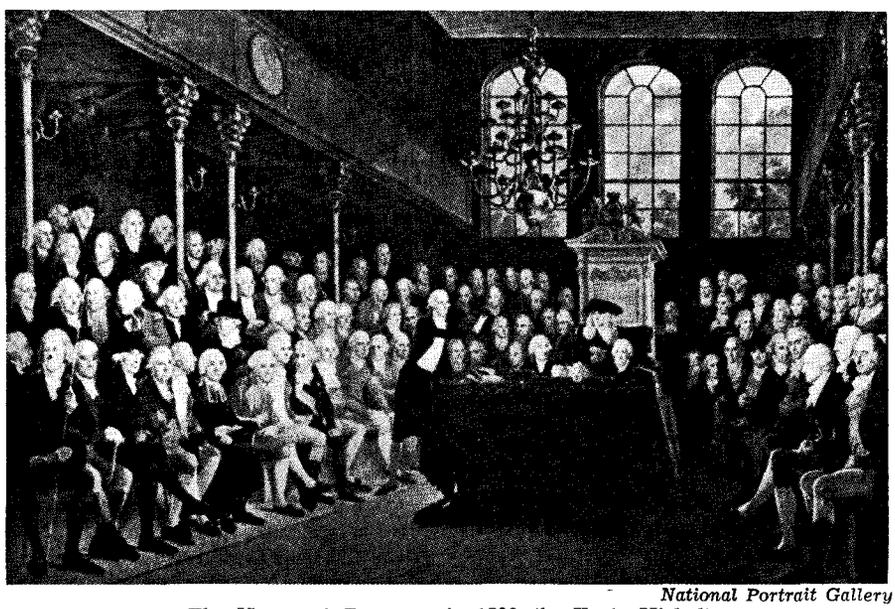
Not that he did not accumulate enemies on his way to place and power, as his duel with Castlereagh himself testifies. No man rises to such heights without them. It is only surprising there were not more. Yet perhaps even his humor helped to keep the numbers down. It has been observed of him that he was one of the most faithful of men to his official duties, and many letters in this volume testify to that. Professor Temperley has pointed out "the rigidity of Canning's methods, the severity of his economy, and the inflexibility of his disciplinary system." Many have joined in praise of the statesman who recognized the independence of South America and did so much for the liberation of Greece, who, in fact, contributed so greatly to the Diplomatic Revolution between 1820 and 1830. Much has been said of his "triumph" and his "policy" and his "legacy." And today, of all days, one may recall his words. Great Britain, he said, "will be no party to a general interference in the concerns of other states; though prepared to interfere on *special* occasions in her opinion justifying such interferences." And again, "Much better and more convenient for us to have neighbors whose institutions cannot be compared with ours in point of freedom . . . a middle course between *Jacobinism* and *Ultraism*, with a view particularly of preventing extreme parties from coming to an open rupture."

All this is true of Canning—whom few men of his time loved, yet many admired. All this is true, and yet it is among the little ironies of history that, apart from general lipservice to his memory, what is perhaps best remembered of his works is that famous

"Decypher, Separate, Secret and Confidential Memorandum"

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
(Chorus) 20 per cent, 20 per cent.
Chorus of English Customs House Officers and French Douaniers:
(English) We clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
(French) Vous frapperez Falck avec 20 per cent.
I have no other commands from His majesty to convey to your Excellency today.
I am with great truth and respect, Sir,
Your Excellency's most
obedient, humble servant,
George Canning.

So here in this volume you have the beginnings of greatness, of the talents and the wit and charm which were George Canning—and here is something more. Here are two love stories—one with a happy, if somewhat worldly ending, the other wholly unwordly, and not, perhaps, wholly unhappy, and he the hero of both. For them, no less than for the picture of the Fortunate Youth who, fortunately, never quite outgrew his youth, we are grateful.



National Portrait Gallery

The House of Commons in 1739 (by K. A. Hickel)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wagner Act and Its Administration

UNIONS OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING. By Robert R. R. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

THIS is the most lucid account of the work of the National Labor Relations Board which has yet appeared. Written with the same wealth of incident which marked the author's earlier "When Labor Organizes," it should do much to lessen the prejudice of even the most bitter opponents of the Wagner Act and of its administration. Mr. Brooks shows by example how carefully the Board and its officials sift the complaints which are brought before them. In sixteen per cent of the cases, the Board has dismissed the actions on the ground of insufficient evidence. In another twenty-four per cent, the workers themselves withdrew their complaints. Then in no less than fifty-five per cent of the actions, the Board was able to get both sides to agree to a settlement. This has meant that the Board has had to make final rulings on contested cases in only five per cent of those originally submitted to it. The fact that the decisions of the Board in such instances have tended almost uniformly to be in favor of labor is, therefore, not a proof of any pro-labor bias on the part of its members; but it is primarily caused by the fact that where labor's claims are weak, the complaints are largely eliminated in the earlier stages of the administrative process.

Robert R. R. Brooks

Mr. Brooks goes on to point out that the principle of collective bargaining which was formerly a legal right of the workers was largely negatived by the fact that there was no reciprocal obligation upon the employers to accord it. They could refuse to meet with representatives of the employees, and by discharging and discriminating against union members and leaders could exercise economic coercion against those who sought to make effective their legal rights. The employers could also use spies and undercover men to help them spot the active union men and to sow dissension among them. The employers could also promote, finance, and largely control internal "unions" which would seem on their face to represent the workers but which were in actuality often merely another voice for the employers, so that they could deal with themselves on both sides of the bargaining table. All such methods have been declared illegal by the Wagner Act, which fundamentally aims to transform the abstract legal right of collective bargaining into an effective right. As Mr. Brooks goes on to show, however, the employer has the obligation to bargain collectively only if a majority of the workers in an appropriate unit demand it. The definition of what constitutes an appropriate unit—whether craft, plant, or industry—was so complex that the act wisely left the issue for the Board to determine in specific cases. Contrary to the general opinion, the Board, as Mr. Brooks points out, has favored the craft claims of the A. F. of L. in a slightly larger number of cases than it has favored the plant and industry claims of the C. I. O.

The issue as to which side has the actual majority is ultimately settled in the only way it should be decided in a democracy, namely, by elections under the auspices of the Board, which even its most bitter critics admit are impartially conducted. Once the representatives of the workers are chosen, the employer is supposed to meet with them and to bargain. But he is not compelled to come to an agreement if he finds the terms upon which labor insists to be, in his judgment, unreasonable. All he is supposed to do is to seek in good faith to reach an agreement. But if agreement is impossible, both the employer and the workers have the right to lock-out or to strike. In the Inland Steel case, the Board has ruled that *if* an agreement is reached, it should be put in writing; and in view of the complexity of the issues commonly involved, this seems essential to the smooth working of any understanding.

In a final chapter, Mr. Brooks describes the procedure of the Board and has little difficulty in showing how ill-founded most of the criticisms on this score have been. It is necessary for the Board to have its own attorneys to initiate and conduct some actions because of two factors, namely: (1) the frequent inability of groups of low-paid workers to go to the legal expense involved in hiring counsel, etc., and (2) to develop facts which will permit the Board itself to make wiser decisions. This same development has been found essential by all administrative bodies which have really tried to protect the public. But the legal division of the Board is kept separate from its judicial branch, and in so far as is humanly possible is not supposed to prejudice the latter.

Mr. Brooks has written an extremely timely book in a fair and informed manner, and his work should do much to reduce the amount of epithet-calling, and to substitute instead considered and temperate judgment on some of the most controversial issues of the day. He has performed a public service of the first magnitude.

Paul H. Douglas is professor of economics at the University of Chicago.

Fun in the Faculty

BEER FOR THE KITTEN. By Hester Pine. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

"THE Thin Man" continues to exert its influence. Young married folk, joyously conjugal and determinedly witty, keep on peopling our films and our light fiction. "Beer for the Kitten," I think, marks the first time they have been presented against a background of college faculty life. Miss Hester Pine, in her first novel, draws this last admirably, although her men are less tangible creatures than her women. There is Gus Blevitch, for example, who annoys the President of Miss Pine's college with unwanted benefactions that are all in excruciatingly bad taste, and who, after a hundred pages or so, annoys the reader even more. Miss Pine has it in for Mr. Blevitch from the first, and I found her vicious assault and battery extremely monotonous. Dean Fitch, the villain of the piece, is painted entirely in one color: black. The President is a much-chevvied gentleman with a heart of gold, and Miss Pine works in so much of what play-doctors call "sympathy" that one would suppose she had had explicit instructions in this matter from a Hollywood front office. Most of her faculty wives, on the other hand, are bright young folk, machine-cut along the Margaret Halsey pattern. If their chatter is synthetic, it is synthetic in an attractive way.

Perhaps Miss Pine has been influenced not only by "The Thin Man," but by the excellent self-conscious dialogue that Philip Barry wrote so successfully in the late twenties. I kept hearing echoes of Barry and Donald Ogden Stewart all through "Beer for the Kitten."

Miss Pine follows the quiet, routine experiences of several faculty families during an academic year. Their lives intertwine, of course, and since the characters aren't sharply drawn, it's a bit hard to keep them all clearly in mind as one goes along. I felt that the amusing, civilized dialogue, more than anything else, carried the book to its fairly satisfying finish.

Farrar & Rinehart have never quite been able to forget "February Hill," any more than the rest of us have, and on this book's jacket—an unpleasant pink affair, adorned with a cheap caricature—they announce: "Not since 'February Hill' has so racy and impish a female writer danced onto the literary stage." This is unfair to Miss Lincoln, and I don't think it describes Miss Pine correctly, either. No doubt the publishers were thinking of Miss Pine's Cornelia Hicks, who is a James M. Cain girl. (I wish there were fewer influences in this book.) Cornelia is the faculty beauty who wears black backless evening gowns and who submits cheerfully to her husband's penchant for clothes-ripping. As to this enthusiasm, I

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't help wondering how Mr. Hicks managed to do it soften on a professor's salary. Or perhaps Mrs. Hicks was handy with a needle.

James Reid Parker is a lecturer on the theater, a contributor to The New Yorker, *and the author of "Academic Procession."*

Dangerous Business

(*Continued from page* 4)

The correspondent, as might any one, innocently selected "Artemus Jones" as an obviously fictitious name. He had gone down to the races with an American friend and, on the way, they had discussed the American humorist Artemus Ward. When he came to write the article he carefully invoked the well-nigh universal name of Jones, but the name "Artemus" having stuck in his mind, he unfortunately put the two together—somewhat unfortunately for all parties—since there was a real Artemus Jones who objected violently to the description given of his supposed indiscretions on the *plage* at Dieppe. It was true that he was not "a church warden" and did not reside "at Peckham," but he was an extremely respectable barrister and he was highly annoyed. The real Artemus Jones conceded that the correspondent had never heard of him and hence could not have intended to refer to him in the article, but he called several witnesses who testified that they had read the paper and had assumed that he was the Artemus Jones referred to.

The Court held that it was a question for the jury to decide "whether the article could relate only to a fictitious character; whether it could have been viewed as relating to a real person," and, if so, whether some people, who didn't know that the real Artemus Jones was not a church warden and did not live at Peckham, might think he had been cutting up on the sly; the intention of motive was immaterial, and proof of express malice necessary; if the jury in its opinion believed that a substantial number of persons who knew the real Mr. Jones, upon reading the article, would believe that it referred to him, then the plaintiff must win; that it made no difference whether the writer of the article inserted the name or description unintentionally, or by accident, or believing that no person existed who corresponded with the name or answered the description.

The jury rendered a verdict in favor of Artemus Jones, the judgment was sustained on appeal, the case definitely established the law in England and has been generally followed in America.

The most important case reported in this country is Corrigan vs. Bobbs-Merrill Company (228 N.Y. 58) where the court determined that the libel is actionable even if the publisher has no intention to defame a particular person or to injure any one. "The question," said the court, "is not so much who was aimed at, as who was hit . . . if [the plaintiff] proves that the words apply to him and that his reputation has been injured, whether such injury is the result of the defendant's evil disposition towards him or a mere concatenation of adventitious circumstances," he may recover damages.

The French law, contrary to the English, requires an intent to describe an actual living individual before the latter can legally complain because his name has been used.

A most unusual case occurred in connection with the publication, in 1912, of a posthumous work of the late Jules Verne entitled "Le Pilote de Danube." The manuscript was received by the publishers from M. Michael Jules Verne, the son of the author, who presumably had found it among his father's effects. One of the characters in the narrative is a bandit called "Jackel Lemo." It subsequently developed that at Rontschonk in Bulgaria there resided a person whose actual name was none other than Jackel Lemo, a reputable commission merchant, who objected exceedingly to being thus characterized and alleged through his attorneys that the publication of the book had caused him *un préjudice considérable*. He accordingly sued the publishers in the French courts for a large sum.

The defendants were able to establish that, as far back as 1898, M. Michael Jules Verne, who had gone on a trip down the Danube, made the acquaintance upon the steamer of an agreeable passenger with whom, as a matter of politeness, he had exchanged cards. His description of what he had seen in the course of his voyage inspired his famous father to write the story in question, but how Jules Verne came across the card of "Jackel Lemo," bearing his address and occupation, or why he made him a bandit residing at that address, has never been explained. The learned judge—probably with an appropriate shrug and lift of the eyebrows—held that those who knew M. Jackel Lemo could not be misled as to his true character simply because Jules Verne had pinned his name on the bandit, that it made no difference what anybody else thought, and dismissed the action. But in the next edition "Jackel Lemo" became "Yacoub Ogul."

The law differs in different countries, and while not absolutely clear cut in the United States, most of our jurisdictions follow the simple English rule which leaves it to the jury to say whether (*a*) a reasonable reader would suppose that the writing referred to a real person rather than an imaginary one, and, if so, (*b*) whether a reader, who knew the plaintiff, would reasonably believe that it applied to him. Mere coincidence of name is not enough.

The greatest possible care is imperative on the part of authors if they would not involve themselves in vexatious litigation. The law of libel is complicated, varies in different jurisdictions, and the decisions often apparently are contradictory. But if the author is willing to fight it out the chances, unless he has been deliberately malicious, are in his favor.

The foregoing article is included in Arthur Train's forthcoming autobiography, "My Day in Court."

LINCOLN
and the Civil War
In the Diaries and Letters of John Hay

Selected and with an Introduction
By TYLER DENNETT
Author of *John Hay,* Pulitzer Prize Biography

A vivid, contemporary picture of Lincoln, the man; of Mary Todd Lincoln; of Cabinet Members, military figures, and others in Washington during the war period. A fresh and absorbing account of the high ideals and petty rivalries—the "inside" story of what went on behind the scenes in those tense and critical times. *348 pages.* $4.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are invited to enroll in

The Nonesuch Fellowship

at no cost to yourself

BITTER experience has undoubtedly convinced you that, when somebody offers you something nice for nothing, he usually wants something of you in return. This advertisement will prove no exception to that rule. We invite you to enroll in The Nonesuch Fellowship at no cost to yourself. But we'll tell you what our selfish interest is . . .

As you know, The Nonesuch Press of London bears one of the most honored names in the history of the production of fine books. Throughout the world, the Press has patrons who have made the continued success of the Press possible by enthusiastically collecting Nonesuch publications.

The directors of the Press have now decided to form a society of the patrons of the Nonesuch Press; which will be called, for brevity, the Nonesuch Fellowship. You may enroll in this Fellowship now.

Hereafter, the Nonesuch Press will send information about its forthcoming publications directly to those persons who are enrolled as Patrons of the Press. You know of course that Mr. Francis Meynell, who is one of the world's most famous typographers, has always selected and designed the Nonesuch books. Every time he plans a book, advance pages from these books will be sent to the Patrons of the Press.

The Patrons will therefore build up an unique collection of specimen pages from Nonesuch books. But that's (comparatively!) only a small benefit. *A special bargain discount, of twenty-five percent off the retail price, will be given to all Patrons upon all purchases of Nonesuch books.*

The number of Patrons who can be accepted into this Fellowship must naturally be limited. Until the Fellowship has been functioning for a year, we cannot know what this limit must be. So we are fixing no fees for membership this first year.

There are therefore real advantages for you in becoming a Patron of the Press. Yet, when you enroll, *you* do *us* a favor. For you then imply that you are interested in fine books, you are interested in collecting our announcements, you are a possible purchaser of Nonesuch books in the future.

Please fill in this enrollment form and mail it to us now.

THE NONESUCH FELLOWSHIP
595 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PLEASE enroll me as a member of The Nonesuch Fellowship. It is understood that I am to receive advance specimen pages of the Nonesuch books and a discount of 25% off the retail price on all my purchases of Nonesuch books.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Williams the Stylist

THE COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: 1906-1938. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

DR. WILLIAMS'S improvisations with free associations of ideas called "Kora in Hell" do not figure in this collection of his poems. The book none the less does not need them. Nearly every one of its three-hundred-odd pages suggests the reason why, even if "In the American Grain," "White Mule," and the rest of his frequently heroic prose did not exist, Williams would still have to be included in the group of five or six writers who justify the world's reference to a contemporary American literature of high quality. The reason is the intensely American character of the poetic experience upon these pages. The language not only is the vernacular. The very style of the verse corresponds to that of manifestations of American life. And both the manner and the phraseology reflect and communicate the inner forces and the ways of being of Americans.

Technically, as a poet Williams appears to stem from imagism. He has the nudity of vision, the strict, intense observation, the direct impressions of the poetic aspect of the object characteristic of the band headed by Pound; and its manner of seizing the image, the fusion of reality in the expression, with the most concise means of the language and, as it were, with but a single swoop. He shares these poets' almost deliberate non-melodiousness, indifference to the beauty of sound and periodic arrangement, preference for mute and verbal harmonies. His cadences tend to be prose cadences; his line-lengths to be arbitrary. The cantilena and the singing voice infrequently sustain themselves in his poetry. The emotion too, while forceful, is often latent and dissimulated: from the first, Williams must have been among the least naive of men. Yet his sensibility differs from that of Pound, H. D., and other representative American imagists. It not only is more realistic and both more sardonic and warmer than theirs, and more acridly sensuous; it is deeply rooted in the soil. Both as a man and a poet Williams is more profoundly related to American life and limited and conditioned by it than are the wanderers.

The inner truth he most regularly comprehends and strives now lovingly, now humorously, now ironically to form, is that of the fierce, nervous, and emotional tension of American life: its fitfulness, spasmodic motion, "bursts of fragrance from black branches"—itself the consequence of the abruptness with which American earth passes from the bitterness of winter to the sweetness of spring and onwards again to the fierceness of summer: this, and its coldness, cruelty, and power of endurance. He recognizes their forces in the features of his own landscape, industrial northern New Jersey. The landscape mixing in his imagination with persons and his own inwardness gives his poetry its peculiarly regional quality. And he hears American life in the inflections of the American language. Since he is an intellectual poet, these essences embody themselves in the style, the way of motion of his verses. It is high-tensioned, extremely energetic, with plenty of dynamic punch, ascending cadences, and irregular rhythms of short and stabbing lines. It is swift, leaping from thought to thought, and of a javelin-like sharpness. And it has sardonic humor.

Perhaps not all this poetry is wholly satisfactory. Williams is not always touched in the depths and suffused with the feeling which gives scope and density to form. But the volume contains a number of lyrics, among them "Portrait of the Author," "Man in a Room," "A Goodnight," "Eve," "Cyclamen," and others, which rank with the poetry of our time highest in quality. The whole of the poetry has worth. All has texture, truthfulness, subtle consciousness of life. Mr. Williams has a sovereign gift for animating his emotions.

JUST PUBLISHED

The COLLECTED POEMS of

Mark Van Doren

INCLUDING twenty-one new poems and a revised version of his long narrative poem *Jonathan Gentry*. This is the first collected edition of the work of the man who, "of living poets, is undoubtedly the one most representative of his nation and of his times." (*Southern Review.*) Limited, signed edition, $6.00. Regular edition, $3.50. *At all bookstores*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Walpolean By-product

LETTERS TO AND FROM MADAME DU DEFFAND AND JULIE DE LESPINASSE. Edited by Warren Hunting Smith. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THIS slender and charmingly designed book is the fourteenth of the "Miscellaneous Antiquities," that series of gracefully learned volumes which Horace Walpole inaugurated at Strawberry Hill and which Mr. Wilmarth Lewis has devotedly continued a century and a half later on this side of the Atlantic. Each of Mr. Lewis's additions, of which this is the twelfth, has been a contribution to eighteenth century letters or history; and, moreover, each has contrived not only in its matter but also in its very form to recapture for the twentieth century something of the polish and the elegance which Walpole himself represented in his own time. This latest one is, as it were, a by-product of Mr. Lewis's great undertaking, the Yale Edition of Walpole's Correspondence.

Madame du Deffand, whose wit and knowledge made her *salon* the most celebrated of Louis XV's Paris, was the victim in her old age of a hopelessly exalted passion for the much younger Horace Walpole. To him she bequeathed her manuscripts, among them thirty-one letters which involved, directly or indirectly, Julie de Lespinasse, whom she had brought from the provinces to be her companion and whose famous secession from the older woman's dominion is one of the most dramatic stories in the history of French literature. Walpole, who disliked Julie, did nothing with them. His secretary, Miss Berry, condescended to print eleven of them the year after the publication of Julie's letters to M. de Guibert had given her a posthumous fame which has never declined. The remainder of the thirty-one letters lay unread from that time until Mr. Lewis acquired them along with the rest of Mme. du Deffand's papers. Now they appear just as they were written, all that survives of that tragic relationship which existed for ten years between two very remarkable women.

The letters themselves are not remarkable. Those of Mme. du Deffand exhibit little of the wit and perspicacity which have made her letters to Voltaire, Hénault, and Walpole a memorable com-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentary upon her age. Those of Mlle. de Lespinasse have in them nothing of the romantic abandon which has made her later letters a monument to passion. They are, however, the documents in the case, and they explain, more fully and less conjecturally than has hitherto been possible, the beginning and the end of a chapter in the lives of two fascinating women. Mr. Smith has edited them with consummate skill, and has provided an introduction which is a model of succinct exposition.

Political Leader

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE: NATIONALIST DICTATOR. By James Michael Eagan. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. EAGAN'S sub-title is important. He has not written another life of Robespierre—there are plenty of them, and for all tastes—but a careful analysis, based on much original research, of what Robespierre did as a political leader, and how he did it. The book is an excellent example of the fruitful monograph.

Those who feel that in history comparisons are odious, may find that Mr. Eagan overdoes a bit his parallels with the contemporary world. Chapters headed "Towards the Totalitarian State" and "The Jacobin Blood-Purge" are perhaps a little too much like yesterday's newspaper headlines. Yet the facts as Mr. Eagan presents them are impressive. Robespierre was neither a Stalin nor a Hitler. For one thing, as Mr. Eagan points out, he never possessed the undivided leadership they seem to have attained. His aims and his speeches are, however, much like theirs, and his Jacobin "machine" presents all sorts of parallels with the Bolsheviks and the Nazis.

To separate the unique from the repeated event, the particular from the general, has always been a nice problem for the historian. Our immediate predecessors were perhaps a little too insistent on the unique. Mr. Eagan is only helping to redress the balance. If the present wave of dictatorship is regarded as quite without precedent we are bound to be helpless before it. Once we realize that there have been other blood-purges, other attempts to achieve the totalitarian state, we may be able to take an attitude at once more profitable and more comfortable than the forlorn yammering so common nowadays in democratic countries.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 254)

ELMER RICE:
AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

Hatred walks the world. . . . You have sharp brains and strong hands. Use them to create, to build, to make things grow, not to slaughter and destroy. . . . Let no man, no creed, no panic fear make you forget to call your souls your own.

Imperialism in Action

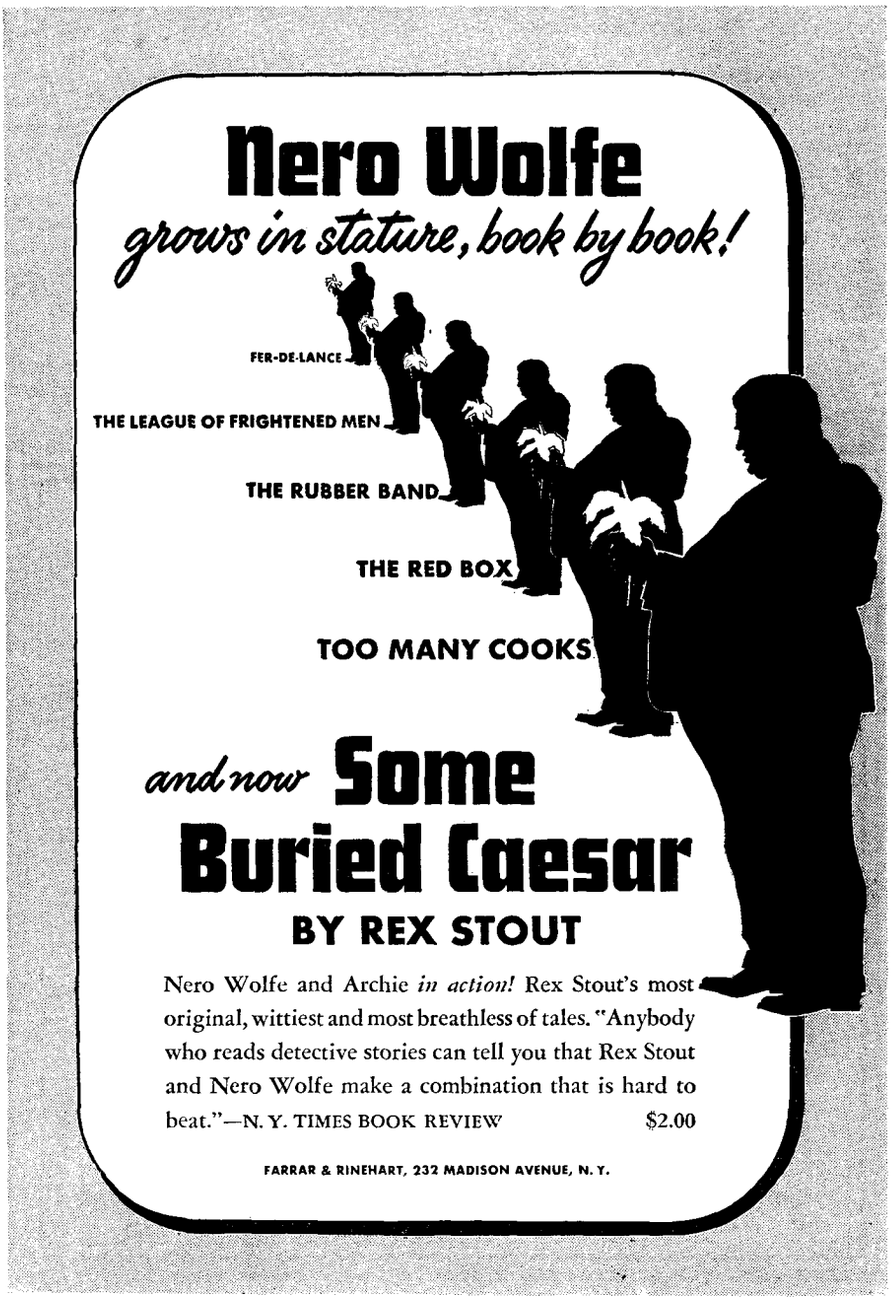
GERMANS IN THE CAMEROONS, 1884-1914. By Harry R. Rudin. Yale University Press. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE theory of Germany's "moral unfitness" to govern colonies served at Versailles—like the theory of "war guilt" underlying raparations—as a convenient justification for the transfer of African and Asiatic possessions to the Allies. Since this charge of moral incapacity is now revived as an argument to preclude restoration of the colonies to Nazi Germany, it deserves more scientific attention than it has thus far received. It remained for Professor Rudin, of the Yale history department, to investigate the alleged Hohenzollern misrule in terms of one specific colony. His brilliant study of the Cameroons, based upon both travel and archival research, is a model analysis of imperialism in action.

Professor Rudin examines with great care the international rivalries in West Africa, the German penetration into the Cameroons, the control of policy in Berlin, and the task of administration in the colony. He concludes that German exploitation and management were quite similar to that of other European colonizers, that it was steadily improving in quality, and that its defects were excessively advertised by the opposition parties in the Reichstag. In effectively disposing of the Versailles canard, Professor Rudin contributes important chapters to the history of European imperial politics and to the story of African development. His account of the domestic pressures and propaganda which forced Bismarck and later chancellors ever further into colonial expansion is one of the most interesting features of an interesting book.

James F. Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.


Nero Wolfe
grows in stature, book by book!
FER-DE-LANCE
THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN
THE RUBBER BAND
THE RED BOX
TOO MANY COOKS
and now Some Buried Caesar
BY REX STOUT
Nero Wolfe and Archie in action! Rex Stout's most original, wittiest and most breathless of tales. "Anybody who reads detective stories can tell you that Rex Stout and Nero Wolfe make a combination that is hard to beat."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW
$2.00
FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genetics and Crime

CRIME AND THE MAN. By Earnest Albert Hooton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

ONE gathers that the author will be surprised and perhaps disappointed if sociologists, welfarers, and the like do not jump upon his pages with cries of denunciation. The book is really not quite so shocking as all that. It will be irritating chiefly because of the wisecracks in which Professor Hooton occasionally indulges at the expense of those who emphasize—in his opinion, overemphasize—environmental factors in the causation and treatment of crime. He gaily puts himself on the defensive.

But after all, nobody need be, and few will be, seriously disturbed by this very important contribution to the literature of criminology. Most students of the subject will cordially welcome it. Even the author says in spots that it is far from his intention "to belittle the efforts of the sincere, intelligent, and conscientious workers who have poured out their blood and other people's treasure in investigating the causes of crime and in devising methods of preventing delinquency and of reclaiming the criminal. Prison reform, probation, the juvenile court, the cleansing of the Augean stables of the city slums, the draining of familial and neighborhood cesspools which spawn criminality—all of these are notable achievements which must not be decried."

However, he himself has another and a different tale to tell, based on years of patient study and volumes of yet unpublished statistics regarding criminals from the standpoint of physical anthropology—all sorts of measures and indicia. In this book he leaves out the statistics, and presents his valuable, indeed invaluable, interpretations and conclusions. He manifests always the care and caution of the true scientist, lest he be misunderstood. Hasty readers had better beware.

Now the simple and essential reduction of results comes to this, that the primary cause of crime is biological inferiority. "To the human being who is organically sound—physically and mentally fit—the savior of society (a role to which I assuredly do not aspire) might say, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my social order.' Certainly the penitentiaries of our society are built upon the shifting sands and quaking bogs of inferior human organisms." Mr. Hooton says that "the bad organism sullies a good environment," and that only the less severely flawed specimens of humanity are much amenable to environmental treatment. He goes on to say that at present "crime prevention is centered upon the treatment of juveniles, and that when it gets to be really scientific, it will have to start earlier still and concern itself with familial heredity."

A great deal of research is still necessary, he thinks, before we can learn what types of human beings are worthless and irreclaimable, and what types are superior and capable of biological and educational improvement. And the practical application of such knowledge must wait upon further knowledge of *how* to control and predict the nature of the human organism as determined by its heredity.

"We must begin at once to fill that vast and shameful hiatus in our knowledge of man—human genetics."

New Directions has discovered a young poet of extraordinary brilliance . . . he is DELMORE SCHWARTZ, and his book is

In Dreams Begin Responsibilities

A story. A long poem. Thirty lyrics. A verse play. *$2.50*

"Schwartz's poetic style is the only genuine innovation since Pound and Eliot. In his verse there is a wholly new feeling for language and a new metrical system of great subtlety and originality."—*Allen Tate.*

Published by New Directions of Norfolk, Ct.

Borrowing on the Open Market

THE COMMERCIAL PAPER HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Albert O. Greef. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by WALTER E. SACHS

IT is remarkable that a phase of banking developed in the United States, so-called "open market commercial paper," which for many decades has furnished industry with money amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars annually and which is considered by many leading businesses as an essential instrument in their operations, yet has been so little familiar to the larger group of business men and to the public. Articles in trade periodicals, addresses before bankers' conventions, brief comment in books on banking have appeared occasionally. The present volume, however, is the most painstaking and comprehensive study of the subject that has been published.

Supplemented by frequent footnotes, many of which carry material fully as interesting as the body of the text, the first two parts of this readable book trace the development and the operation of the commercial paper business from the close of the eighteenth century to the present day. No similar system of open market borrowing on single name promissory notes exists elsewhere. Leading European nations rely on the bank overdraft, the trade and bankers acceptance, for extension of commercial credit. In those geographically compact countries, concentration of banking capital in a few large banks with numerous branches makes such a method logical. In this country, widely scattered and relatively small unit banks have helped to develop to a high degree of safety and efficiency this unique American method of borrowing on the single name promissory note.

The third part of the book sets forth convincingly the place of commercial paper in our banking system. It concludes with an appreciation of its value both to borrower and to lender. While referring to somewhat isolated instances of criticism by larger banks of open market borrowing, the author vigorously defends the place of commercial paper in American banking.

The statistical material might lead the reader to conclude that the volume of outstanding market paper is permanently declining. A more accurate interpretation of the figures is, however, that the decline in volume has been due to depressed business conditions, which have curtailed the present-day needs of short term borrowers. With increased business activity, carrying with it the necessity to expand operations and inventory, the need for commercial paper will again increase. Certainly Mr. Greef leaves the reader with the impression that the business is conducted on a safer and sounder basis than ever before, and that it will continue to hold its place in the American banking system.

The book merits the attention both of students of banking and of business executives.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN. By Richard Ullmann. Dutton. 1939. $2.50.

Many novelists have explored the theme of the possessive mother who cripples her daughter. Less common is the variation Mr. Ullmann has chosen: the power of a possessive father. Charles Brooks's love for his son Oliver is as destructive as hatred. For Oliver's dependence has come to be Charles's whole reason for existence; as people fight for money, for power, Charles fights to dominate his son, with a brutality and an energy which no other desire could ever arouse in him.

On his father's death, Oliver finds himself another Charles, but without a son to feed upon. By now abnormal, of course, he contrives to beget a child without burdening himself with a wife. And so the pattern was to be repeated. But this time the child, a daughter, understood her danger: the drama of the book is the strength of her revolt.

Mr. Ullmann writes beautifully indeed; yet if he shares David Garnett's and John Collier's ease, grace, delicacy, deftness, he shares also their queer atmosphere of perversity. The difference is that while these other writers choose themes frankly fantastic, Mr. Ullmann is dealing with more or less ordinary people, warped by circumstances. His exquisite gentlemen who have no interests other than Chinese porcelain and the devouring of their own children necessarily live in a vacuum; unfortunately something of their hollowness carries over into the book as a whole, in spite of Mr. Ullmann's admirable writing.

K. S.

BIG FROGS AND LITTLE FROGS. By Susan Ertz. Harpers. 1939. $2.50.

Most of these fifteen short stories could be described as slight—once a term of reproach in their field, but thanks to the assiduous and fruitful labors of Mr. O'Brien, now a badge of merit. Old pagans, suckled in the creed outworn that a story ought to have a plot (life seldom has plots, but what you read ought to be in some way more interesting than life) will feel that all but two or three of them could better be called sketches; but even such crusty survivals will derive a good deal of pleasure out of Miss Ertz's irony. With one or two exceptions she smoothly evades tragedy, with a talent better suited to comedy with a tragic undertone. The four sketches laid in her native land prove that she has a seeing eye, and an ear somewhat insensitive to the idiom of her fellow-countrymen; but she knows Americans abroad well enough and Europeans even better. And she summarizes deftly—the woman driven by sheer need to teaching music, whose methods "lay about half way between quackery and mere common sense"; the French innkeeper who "worked hard only to have leisure to read, and he read Voltaire and Rousseau and Diderot; he cared nothing for his family, only mankind existed for him"; the broker hit by the depression, who "presented the sad and deflated spectacle of the good mixer with nothing to mix." Whether you like most of the items will depend on what you want in this class of literature; but they are of the type now popular, and such stories as "Whither Thou Goest," "You Got to Live," and "Two Birthdays" are good by anybody's criteria.

E. D.

MISS PETTIGREW LIVES FOR A DAY. By Winifred Watson. Appleton-Century. 1939. $2.

Cinderella in a Rolls-Royce instead of a pumpkin coach has furnished Winifred Watson a congenial theme for her rapid-paced and supercharged novel of life among the wild young actresses and night-club singers in a London setting. Miss Pettigrew is the perfect example of "spinster" when she arrives, quite by mistake, at the door of Miss LaFosse's apartment at precisely ten o'clock one morning. She is forcibly drawn into the apartment and charged with getting rid of the lover in present attendance before the lover-on-the-way shall appear. And she does it. From this point Miss Pettigrew gives herself to the task of bringing peace and order into Bedlam. The humor intrinsic in the major situation, that of an extremely strait-laced middle-aged lady thrown suddenly into the more intimate life of one who is not laced at all, is whipped up to the highest point of effervescent froth. The book may very well provide you with the often sought and seldom found evening's entertainment.

G. G.

RELUCTANT PROPHET. By Harald Tandrup. Knopf. 1939. $2.50.

One of the most incompetent translations from the Danish since "Ditte Minneskebarn" was delivered to an uncomprehending public as "Ditte, Girl Alive!" The third word in the book is a missed subjunctive; the third page contains a sentence in which past, present, and perfect tenses are wedded in a terrific *mesalliance à trois*, and between the two occurs this gem of English style:

> And then of course there was Greece, where thinkers already sat with their finger to their nose . . .

The book, as far as it is possible to resurrect it from beneath the snowdrifts of such infelicities, is fairly good; a fictional treatment of the prophet Jonah's celebrated trip to Nineveh and his adventures there. Herr Tandrup has an irritating habit of popping onto the stage with such comments as the remark that Jonah

George Worthing Yates, author of **THE BODY THAT WASN'T UNCLE,** in which (to the good fortune of American mystery fans) he has brought lean, laconic Hazlitt Woar and Katheren Meynard, the adventurous literary agent, home from the War in Spain to solve a murder in New Jersey! $2.00. *A Morrow Mystery*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW IN BOOK FORM

The Broadway success starring Ethel Waters

Mamba's Daughters

By DUBOSE and DOROTHY HEYWARD

Illustrated with stage settings, $2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

would hardly recognize the smell of cedar "as he had never sharpened a pencil," or that somebody speaks "with an accent like an American's," and his archeology is open to question—we do not think beer and cane-sugar were known in ancient Palestine and we are sure silk was not. But the latter is no more than a peccadillo which can be forgiven in view of the fact that we are furnished with an abundance of perfectly accurate detail that does much to bring people, times, and book to life; and even the former helps the brisk, busy narrative.

The ground plan of the work is extremely ingenious; so ingenious that one is left at the end doubting whether Jonah is a Freudian case or a genuine prophet operating under the inspiration of a difficult God, forever incomprehensible to man. The double effect is apparently intentional, and though it robs the emotional moments of much of their force, it makes the book particularly good for those who like to read with their brains instead of their feelings.

F. P.

Miscellaneous

THE COLONIAL PRINTER. By Lawrence C. Wroth. Portland, Maine: Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1938. $7.50.

Mr. Wroth's book was first issued by the Grolier Club in 1931, as a charmingly printed but very expensive publication of the Club. It was (and still is) the most important contribution to the technical history of the printing office since Updike's work on printing types. It is therefore fortunate that we now have it issued in a larger, lower priced edition; and the opportunity to revise and enlarge it with information accrued during the past seven years has been taken advantage of.

The contents of the book deal with the Colonial printing house in many of its major phases—and most of its minor ones. The history of the establishment of printing in the British colonies is followed by chapters on the physical appurtenances—tools, presses, ink, type, paper—in the Colonial offices, on the conditions of labor, on binding, and on the product of the early presses.

Changes from the first edition consist of a few modifications of opinions expressed therein, additional information (for instance, as to the first printing in Colonial Maryland), and some new material. In the latter category are a number of additional plates, and especially a series of admirable drawings of the early forms of the wooden hand press. Mr. Wroth is our foremost authority on the early Colonial printing house, and he has here brought into one volume a great store of information, as well as some very sound reasoning about these obscure points on which it seems easier to be sentimental than sensible. The book

(*Continued on page 22*)

How To Make Your CUSTOMERS Love You!

Your Friends and Customers are already planning to visit New York for the Fair.

When they get here they'll find themselves relying (just as do 40,000 New Yorkers) on that popular "key to the city"—CUE, the weekly magazine of New York life.

Why not send them CUE with your compliments so they can learn all about New York BEFORE they get here. They'll be grateful.

Take advantage today of our Special WORLD'S FAIR GIFT RATE—15 weeks of CUE for 50c, if you order four or more subscriptions (CUE regularly costs $3.00 a year). Send for a free copy of CUE if you aren't already familiar with it.

SEND 4 GIFTS FOR $2!

CUE, 6 East 39th St., New York, N. Y.

☐ Send ..... 15-week CUE subscriptions at 50c to the persons whose names and addresses are attached. My check (or cash) is enclosed.

☐ Send me this week's CUE, free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please Print SR

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER TO HOUNDS *Edward Acheson* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Murder of Virginia tycoon and subsequent envenoming of sister-in-law engross attention of F.B.I. and mysterious Britisher Dowell-Blakeley.	'Midst pleasantly horsey surroundings imperturbable and enigmatic Briton solves double killing, and neatly double-crosses vindictive criminal.	Good hunting!
MURDER FOR CHRISTMAS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Uncomfortable English family reunion punctuated by stabbing of patriarch with lurid past. H. Poirot on hand.	Slow start, interesting middle, rather incredible conclusion add up to entertaining but grade B Christie.	For Poirot fans
MURDER IS NOT ENOUGH *Susan Wells* (Simon and Schuster: $2.)	Vengeance - murderer gets careless after three deaths, which enables Anthony Ware to collar killer intent on fourth slaying.	Yachts off California coast scene of thrillful, romantic, and slightly overwritten affair with many tense moments and adequate sleuthing.	Worthwhile
LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Rabbit-punch kills mystery-woman on West Indies cruise. P. Clancey splits dual personality, spots killer.	Romance, robbery, and humor add zest to aboard-ship mystery no better or no worse than most of its type.	Readable
THE BIG SLEEP *Raymond Chandler* (Knopf: $2.)	Paralyzed Cal. millionaire with psychopathic daughters hires private dick to clear up blackmailing: which turns into murder and worse.	Lot of nastily addled ten-minute eggs rampaging in tough but high-gloss lingo from super-heated start to fantastic finish.	Hammettic
THE BODY THAT WASN'T UNCLE *George Worthing Yates* (Morrow: $2.)	Wrongful identification of poisoned corpse in N. J. snowdrift works ill for kin of Miss Meynard who calls in ex-Yarder Woar.	Authentic local color, good character drawing, considerable humor, unorthodox detective, and plot that skids round sharp corners.	Intricate

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

TOTTERING up from three days of grippe, old rheum-infested Quercus feels fabulous and senile; he thinks kindly of some sort of Townsend Plan. At such times he likes to imagine himself lying on sand in sunshine. ☞As a matter of fact it would bore him crazy in half an hour. ☞His tragedy is that he will always hanker for a foul old Long Island smoking car, dense with flu germs and superheated stupor. ☞Old Q has been licked by civilization and is smart enough to know it. ☞The hell with fresh air and lofty thinking, what would cure him is an alcove in a vulgar pub and the kind of blonde nightmare described by Coleridge in Part III of the *Ancient Mariner*. ☞Speaking of poets, Balsam Pilloes (the Ecumenical Æsop) was touched off by something said in the *S.R.L.* recently, and has versified it as follows:—

SUDDEN X-ROAD: A WORLD FABLE

The curve was sharp: the light now seen,
Shows yellow. Change ahead!
But is it changing red to green?
More likely, green to red.

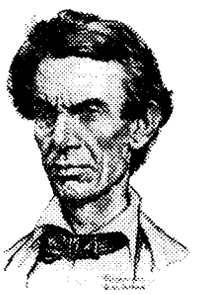
☞We are fond of Balsam, but we always think there is something suspicious about a man who knows how to mix a bromo seltzer so expertly. ☞A biologist told us, every human being starts from a nucleus of 48 chromosomes, which is an admirable analogy for the U.S.A., but does not account for the District of Columbia. ☞In our agony of chills and fevers we fell back on *The Woman in White*. That novel, published in 1860, mentions as one of the characteristics of an Englishman "invariably carrying an umbrella." ☞Among books we imagine worth reading is Yvonne ffrench's *Ouida: A Study in Ostentation*. ☞We have always intended to be more ostentatious. ☞A genial old book we were raised on, now undeservedly forgotten, was *At the Back of the North Wind*, with illustrations by Arthur Hughes (published by George Routledge) which made a great impression on us. We think of it in bed on cold windy nights. ☞A notable adventure is to drop in at Putnam's on 45th Street while they still have some of their annual Sight Unseen book parcels for $1 each. They bundle up a miscellany of desirables on which you take a sporting pig-in-poke chance. ☞The bundle Old Q got contained 8 books including 3 vols of a nice old George Eliot set, *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, the Works of Smollett, and an edition of Cowper and Thomson (Phila., 1831) which was worth more than $1 alone. ☞Another find, at the Gotham Book Mart, Flora Annie Steel's *Tales of the Punjab*, 1894, with the grand drawings by Lockwood Kipling. This goes, where we always wanted it, alongside our 1894 *Jungle Book*. ☞It happens in our travels that we frequently come across the two Pullmans *Zebulon B. Vance* and *Joel Chandler Harris*, which seem regular members of the Colonial Express to Washington and then shift to the Southern Railway. About Zeb Vance, was he the governor of North Carolina who made the famous remark to the governor of South Carolina?

☞A note from Lippincott's tells us that Patricia Wentworth dictates her novels to her husband on winter afternoons between 5 and 7 p.m. *Lonesome Road*, first-class menthol for a weary soul, is her 31st chiller. We are going to lay in a supply of Mrs. Wentworth for our seizures of despair; like May Sinclair and Marie Lowndes and Dorothy Sayers and other grim British ladies, she knows what we like.

☞Speaking of figures, Teachers College (Columbia University) publishes an interesting little pamphlet called *Numbers and Numerals*, by David Eugene Smith and Jekuthiel Ginsburg. In this some of the odd properties of the number 45 are pointed out; perhaps these account for the fact that 45th Street has always been considered lucky for theatrical ventures. For instance, take the number 123456789, made up of all the digits. Reverse it so: 987654321. Subtract the smaller from the larger and you get the result 864197532. In all these three numbers the sum of the digits is the same, viz. 45. ☞Apropos mathematics, we laid hand on a copy of *Seventy Years of Textbook Publishing*, by T. B. Lawler, a history of Ginn and Company 1867-1937. We turned at once to see what was said about old G. A. Wentworth whose books dominated so much of our youth. ☞Wentworth was the mathematics master of Exeter who had taught G. A. Plimpton in school. ☞Then we discovered that Alexis Everett Frye, whose geographies were familiar to us in boyhood, was the son of a down-East sea captain. ☞And think of Myers's ancient Histories, and Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar, and Collar and Daniell, and Goodwin's Greek Grammar, and many another. It seems that a good deal of our boyhood was spent at the feet of Ginn and Co. There are lots worse places, and we are still convinced that educational publishing is the best fun there is. ☞Mr. Lawler amuses us by noting that the chapter on "Choice and Chance" in Wentworth's first *Algebra* was removed after the first edition. A large Quaker school protested that it might encourage pupils to gamble. ☞Still in the field of education, we learn from that always instructive quarterly *The American Oxonian* that hot water has been laid on in 65 rooms at Balliol College, Oxford. To those who remember the Oxford of a generation ago this may seem completely fantastic. ☞Our favorite thought about the late W. B. Yeats is that his famous and beautiful poem *Innisfree*, as he told in his autobiography, was suggested to him by an artificial jet of water which he saw in a shop window on Fleet Street.

☞Raymond Massey, Luise Rainer and Orson Welles will step out of character when they mount the auction block at Delmonico's on Sunday, February nineteenth. The League of American Writers, The American Booksellers' Guild and The American Guild for German Cultural Freedom will sponsor the sale of manuscripts, rare books and musical scores for the benefit of German writers in exile. Among the items donated are manuscripts by Thomas Mann, Thomas Wolfe, Laurence Housman, Oscar Wilde, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Stefan Zweig, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hendrik Van Loon, Robert Nathan, Romain Rolland, and musical scores of Richard Strauss, Erich Korngold, Arnold Schoenberg, Kurt Weill and George Gershwin among others. Tickets may be obtained at the offices of these organizations.

NOW READY IN BOOK FORM



ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

The Sensationally Successful Play
by
Robert E. Sherwood
Foreword by Carl Sandburg

Explanatory postscript—"The Substance of 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois'" by Mr. Sherwood.

at all bookstores $2.00

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

The most complete book on the subject ever published!

Radio Writing

By MAX WYLIE

Director of Script and Continuity, COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.
Introduction by LEWIS H. TITTERTON, Manager, Script Division, NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

Full information on pacing; sound effects; transitions; adaptations; children's programs; commercial scripts; music, sports and news continuities; etc. A valuable book for teachers and students. 550 pages, indexed and illustrated, $3.75, *post free.*

☛ *FREE EXAMINATION!* Your money will be refunded if the book is not satisfactory and you return it within five days.

Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

is again handsomely printed, and with index and bibliography it takes its place as a standard, scholarly authority not likely to be superseded. There are no dozen books which, taken together, could give the story of American Colonial printing with anything like the clarity of this volume.

C. P. R.

Travel

THE UNVEILING OF TIMBUCTOO: The Astounding Adventures of Caillié. By Galbraith Welch. Morrow. 1939. $3.50.

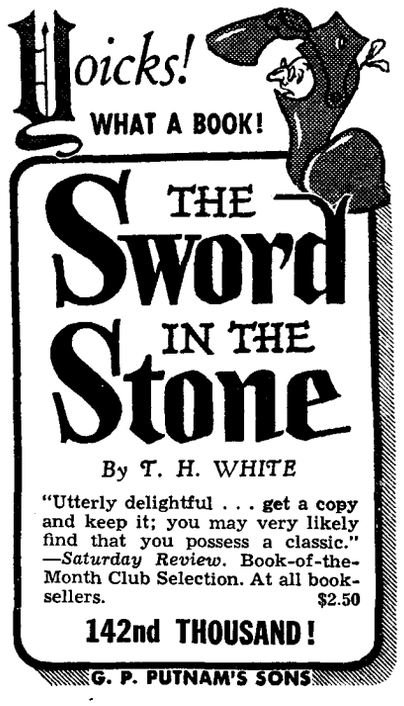
The story of René Caillié, the first white man to reach Timbuctoo and get out alive, must be one of the most miserable tales of heroism ever written. Africa was truly dark in the early nineteenth century, a womb of fables, fearful and enchanting, of cities built of gold and devoted to torture, of nightmare animals and strange loves for the asking. It was far from being the largely surveyed resort over which Attilio Gatti now drives with a fleet of streamlined and bar-equipped motor cars.

René Caillié was a monomaniac, and almost from infancy Timbuctoo remained his single dream. Alone, disguised as a Mohammedan, carrying less than two thousand francs' worth of trade goods, this puny peasant youth in his twenties accomplished what professional soldiers and explorers had failed to do. Whole troops had been massacred, the great Mungo Park and Laing had lost their lives while seeking the mysterious city, but Caillié triumphed by crawling in the greatest abjection to it. He was spat upon and reviled by most of the savages he encountered in that desolate corner of Africa, and he could not retaliate because of his pious garb. He lived, and nearly died, on an "equine diet" of unsalted mush, went begging for water, dug the bone from his own scurvy-rotted palate after half a year's invalid confinement in a native hut, and crossed the hideous western Sahara among brigands to whom a slave was worth his weight in salt.

None but a great actor fortified by French peasant shrewdness and hardihood could have survived such an ordeal. He had so effectively studied the Moslem religion on its own ground that he was able to convince the most skeptical of his integrity, even though it meant literal starvation during the fasting month of Ramadan. "He must always maintain the attitude of a rather silly sanctimonious young man making his way toward a remote religious carrot." And beneath his umbrella, groveling always, he achieved the greatest solitary trek to all nineteenth century exploration; he found Timbuctoo.

The author of this first English biography has excerpted well the more important episodes from Caillié's flat and factual three volumes, but still it is pretty slow reading, interrupted too frequently by digressions upon the Tuareg, Fula, and Brakna tribes, the history of African exploration, and the legends of the land. It would perhaps have been better to quote more often from Caillié's own record, for even Timbuctoo is inadequately described, although the author visited it in following Caillié's actual route. The direct drive of superior biography is lacking here, but the book has the merits of accuracy, unbiassed sympathy, and a colorful style.

H. D.


Yoicks!
WHAT A BOOK!
THE
Sword
IN THE
Stone
By T. H. WHITE
"Utterly delightful . . . get a copy and keep it; you may very likely find that you possess a classic." —Saturday Review. Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. At all booksellers. $2.50
142nd THOUSAND!
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for winter vacations. Good food. Reasonable rates.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS $1.00 postpaid. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse.

LET ME psycho-analyze your name in order to give you self-knowledge and power. Your full name given at birth required, also name you now use, with month, day and year of birth. One fee only, $1.00. My own unique method. Merlin, Box 93-D.

D. D. What good is a rain, dear, without any you? Or a snow? Or a double-crostic? Your Valentine always and all ways.

ARE THERE ANY devotees of T. S. Eliot, music, peripatetic colloquies, in New York or Philadelphia? Ulysses.

WOMAN would enjoy letters from country places—and from those who've found their own place even in cities. "Homespun."

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS intelligently typed. VAnderbilt 6-2778.

WHAT WILL you offer for original James Branch Cabell letters? D. Roussos, 89 Adams St., Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S TUTOR, B.A., experienced. Character. Can travel, drive, type. Betty. Box 96-D.

MICHIGAN DILETTANTE, male, 36; music-, tennis-, nature-lover; invites letters. Box 97-D.

PERSONALS

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally located adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the Hayden Planetarium and American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Accommodations for the literary or non-literary person who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter and spring. Newly-furnished and decorated 1 room apt's and suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchen—from $90 to $190 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City. (Caution: Make 1939 World's Fair reservations early.)

CONFLICT—Intelligent, esthetic college student, dissatisfied with modern educational methods, desires greatly to travel and make expenses—willing to dissolve all geographical and consanguineal ties. Box 91-D.

GOWNS, CORSETS for literary elite, enchanting little waists. Box 28-D.

GOING book publisher needs additional capital, with or without services, for expansion. Box 92-D.

MAN, 28, employed, cultured, very poor vision, would like to meet a girl who is also handicapped. Box 83-D.

SIAMESE KITTENS: seal point; champion stock; intelligent, affectionate; $30; $25; $20. Page, Fort Lee, N. J.

IF you want to beat your wife or bring order in a meeting, a REDDING gavel will do a good job. Send for circular. REDDING—17 W. 23 St.—N. Y. GR. 5-4513.

SUNNY MEADOW FARM. If you have wanted a farm where you can work, play or "jest set," and haven't been able to get your own yet, you can share ours. During the school terms we take adults,—alone, in a group, or with their family. During vacations, children only. It's particularly attractive and a real working farm. Warren Shepard Matthews, Architect, Winsted, Connecticut. Telephone, 176-12.

WANTED: Companion to elderly gentleman. Some knowledge of music and chess. Ability to drive car. Christian. References. Box 94-D.

BEST OF THE DEEP SOUTH. Private motorbus with group having kindred interests. Evangeline country on Bayou Teche, Louisiana; Natchez Pilgrimage; New Orleans Fiesta; sharecroppers' section; Gulf Coast; Pensacola. Best hotels. Escorted by Mr. and Mrs. Bixler. Our fourteenth season. All-expense $312.50. Send for details. The Bixlers, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

BOOKISH, educated traveled woman wishes work Manhattan bookshop afternoons. Small pay. Box 95-D.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions for any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department E. W., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

FIRST EDITIONS

WE BUY AND SELL FIRST EDITIONS AND PRESS BOOKS. Fair Prices. Catalogue Available. Benday Books, 84 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB publications purchased for immediate cash. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

BARGAIN OFFERS

OF HUMAN BONDAGE, by W. Somerset Maugham. Illustrated, limited edition deluxe, autographed by the author and artist. Published by Doubleday at $20.00. Now, from us, for mint copies, only $6.95. Send for this and for free list of other bargains. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, Dept. 300, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1921.)

AUTHORS, COLLECTORS, Researchers and Librarians who find it difficult to find that Out-of-Print and Hard-to-Find book or magazine should avail themselves of my Book Searching Services. Intelligent and quick reports. No charge for inquiries and if you desire to purchase—prices are moderate and reasonable. Address your wants to: Louis Greenfield, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUR SERVICE CONSISTS of supplying items for your library, which you cannot easily obtain; books, periodicals, prints, and autographs. An inquiry will incur no obligation. Specializing in foreign items. INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY GUILD, Dept. B, 1860 Broadway. COLUMBUS 5-2075.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS.—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed, Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS SOLD. Intelligent, personal assistance for publication. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, editing, revision. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

STORIES, manuscripts, books, verse, criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. Ghost writing. Speakers for all occasions. MARANATHA WRITERS-SPEAKERS, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

REAL REASONS FOR REJECTION are seldom given by publishers. Advice on revision. Sale of novels, stories, non-fiction. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Excellent connections publishers Boston, N. Y., Phila. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston.

FASSETT'S—708 Buchanan, Durham, N. C.: Stories, 3c word; Poetry, $1 line.

EDITING, REVISING, INDEXING; translating from German, French, Spanish, Italian; research; proof-reading. Professional references. Mornings 9-12. AStoria 8-4554. Louise Brink, 21-25 29th St., Astoria, New York.

POETRY CRITICISM. Criticism of poems and book manuscripts of poetry by editor of *Voices*, a poetry magazine. Also, personally by appointment. For rates, write Harold Vinal, 45 East 55th St., New York City.

RESEARCH—approved dissertations and theses published on cooperative basis. High royalties. John Melzer, Ph.D., Research Editor, University Post Publishing Company, Ashland, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, 56th, New York's only French Bookshop where French books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c stamps.

Double-Crostics: No. 255

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

								1-O	2-Y	3-G	4-R	5-L	6-V	7-B	8-W				
9-N	10-D	11-O	12-A	13-Q		14-B	15-M		16-H	17-W	18-A	19-K	20-N	21-P	22-B	23-G			
24-E		25-I	26-D		27-G	28-K	29-A	30-B	31-O	32-D	33-E	34-F	35-N	36-Q	37-R				
38-Y	39-E	40-A	41-F	42-V		43-V	44-H	45-D		46-I	47-N	48-E	49-M	50-W	51-T				
52-V	53-H	54-J		55-W	56-N	57-J	58-A	59-B	60-K	61-O	62-E		63-E	64-B		65-O			
66-J	67-N	68-X	69-H	70-Q	71-S	72-M	73-Y	74-P	75-I		76-I	77-P		78-W	79-S	80-Y			
81-K	82-H	83-U		84-D	85-R	86-L	87-S	88-N	89-W	90-O	91-Q	92-B		93-F	94-M				
95-C	96-R	97-K		98-D	99-V		100-W	101-V		102-M	103-V	104-J		105-Y	106-N	107-I			
108-S	109-K	110-Q		111-J	112-T	113-H	114-I		115-M	116-Y		117-J	118-O	119-X	120-H	121-F			
122-L		123-W	124-Y	125-C	126-L		127-Y	128-I		129-X	130-C	131-S	132-R	133-E		134-I			
135-X	136-D		137-J	138-B	139-D		140-M	141-R	142-U	143-I	144-G	145-H		146-B	147-E	148-R			
	149-V	150-D	151-T	152-X	153-W	154-M		155-W	156-Q	157-C	158-I	159-D	160-E	161-V	162-G				
163-O	164-P	165-U	166-Q		167-T	168-E	169-U		170-F	171-Y	172-X	173-C		174-V	175-C	176-F			
	177-B	178-H	179-J		180-T	181-R	182-Q	183-N	184-D										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Wife of Lycus, killed by bull (Gr.).

B. With sentiment (direction for music).

C. Nocturne by Debussy (one of suite).

D. One advocating return of lost territory.

E. Mouthpiece of musical instrument.

F. Endured.

G. Scientific formula or diagram.

H. Birthplace of Dvorak.

I. Longing for something.

J. American artist and humorist (1816-1888).

K. Vent (n.).

L. Central tableland in Arabia.

M. Modern Russian composer (1900-).

N. Lacking formal education.

O. Definite disclosure of facts (coll.).

P. 7th asteroid (small planet).

Q. French composer (1855-1899).

R. U. S. Govt. Department.

S. Character in "Romeo and Juliet."

T. Arabian town on Red Sea.

U. Light, circular tent (Siberia).

V. Birthplace of Sibelius.

W. State of annoyance, anger.

X. Good morning (arch.).

Y. Word used by Jesus to the deaf man (Aramaic).

WORDS

12 58 29 18 40

22 30 64 7 59 14 138 177 92 146

175 130 95 157 125 173

84 139 32 150 45 10 26 136 98 184 159

24 33 48 63 147 133 160 168 39 62

121 34 41 93 170 176

23 162 3 27 144

69 120 82 53 113 178 145 16 44

107 46 75 158 114 76 143 25 128 134

117 111 179 137 57 66 54 104

19 60 97 81 28 109

126 5 86 122

140 102 72 154 15 49 94 115

20 35 9 47 56 67 88 106 183

65 118 31 163 61 90 1 11

74 21 164 77

36 166 70 91 110 13 156 182

181 85 4 37 96 132 141 148

71 87 108 131 79

180 167 51 112 151

83 142 169 165

52 43 6 174 42 99 161 149 103 101

100 78 8 50 155 55 153 89 123 17

129 119 152 172 135 68

116 124 105 38 73 171 127 2 80

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prize Winner!

Blow *for a* Landing

by Ben Lucien Burman

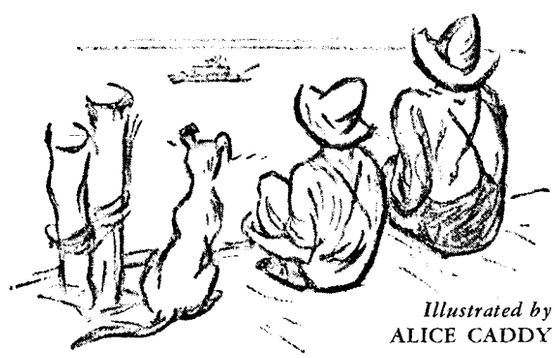
---

by unanimous vote awarded the Southern Authors' Prize *for*

the Most Distinguished Southern Book of 1938

The Judges: Burton Rascoe, Blanche Colton Williams, Herschel Brickell, Joseph Wood Krutch, Vernon Loggins of Columbia University, and Dr. Stella Center of the Board of Education, New York.

NINE OTHER BOOKS received honorable mention, among them: "Black Is My True Love's Hair" by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts; "The Yearling" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings; "A Southerner Discovers the South" by Jonathan Daniels; "The Unvanquished" by William Faulkner.



Illustrated by
ALICE CADDY

THE humorous and dramatic adventures of Willow Joe, the shantyboat musician. Peter Munro Jack summed up the verdict of the critics from coast to coast when he wrote: "One of the soundest and most bountiful romances of American Life since Mark Twain."

If you have not read this great novel you are missing one of the treats of the year.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED